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IN PEACE AND WAR IN JAPAN

A TALE

BY THE REV.

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VICAR OF ACTON, CHESHIRE

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IN PEACE AND WAR IN JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST EVENING AT HOME.

"ALL done now, mother," said Yoshida Eijiro, as he walked across the matted floor in his stockinged feet, carrying a large basket trunk, called a kori, tied round with cords.

He put his package with another which lay by the sliding wooden shutters of trellis-work, pasted over with thin paper to admit the light, opening on to the verandah, and took from a corner of the room a flat pad of cotton cloth stuffed with cotton wool, which he placed on the floor by his mother's side, and sat down. When we speak of Japanese sitting down in an ordinary house, we mean that they put their knees on the pad and sit back upon their heels. Eijiro did not find it so easy to-day, as he was wearing "foreign clothes" instead of his kimono. The cloth was not good,

the colour did not suit him, and the cut was frightful ; so that his European suit was as unbecoming as it was uncomfortable when he sat down on the floor. But his mother looked proudly at him, and if her eyes were a little puzzled by the startling hues of his neck-tie, she knew that it was the right thing, and quite in keeping with the dignity of a young man who on the morrow was to go into residence as a student in Tokyo, the capital of the Empire of Japan.

The whole family was now gathered round the square box, called hibachi, filled with ashes, upon which some charcoal was burning. Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida, Eijiro, his younger brother Hirosuke, and his sister Hisa. Eijiro filled a small teapot with hot water from the kettle upon the hibachi, poured some straw-coloured tea into one of the handleless cups which were standing bottom upwards on a tray, and sat for a moment thinking, with his teacup in his hands. "Yes, I think that is all," he said. "I have divided the books between the two koris, so that neither shall be too heavy."

"That was very wise," said his mother, in a tone which suggested that no porter could be expected to carry the Library of Alexandria on his

back. "I am glad you have finished. You must have been working very hard."

"So have Hirosuke and I," put in Hisa, or O Hisa San, as we who do not belong to the family ought to call her. "We have all been very hard at work getting Eijiro ready."

"You have indeed," said Eijiro. But he did not look particularly grateful. He was the eldest son, and took it for granted that his brother and sister would do what he told them. The time would come when they would have the right to look to him, as the head of the family, not only for advice, but even, if need be, for support; if they can make such claims upon him, he may rightly claim their respect and obedience. Mr. Yoshida said nothing, but gave a little shrug of his shoulders when O Hisa spoke of work. Eijiro noticed it.

"They call a little packing up and stitching 'work,' father. No one has any right to talk about hard work in your presence. I know that you have been toiling and saving ever since I was born, that I might some day go to College. What is the work of a few days, such as this which Hirosuke and Hisa have done, compared with your devotion? I hope that some day I shall make return to you for all that you have

done for me." As he finished his sentence, he placed his hands flat on the floor, with the palms downwards, and bent his head down until his forehead touched them.

Japanese boys have been taught for two thousand years to honour their parents, to love their country, and to reverence their Emperor. So Eijiro meant what he said, when he spoke of the return he hoped to make to his father. Great indeed was the debt. Mr. Yoshida was a farmer, living in the village of Hatamura, in the province of Shimosa, about forty miles from Tokyo; the farm was of the average size in Japan, between two and three acres. Mr. Yoshida was old enough to remember how, in his boyhood, the great lord, called the Daimio, lived in his castle surrounded by his Samurai, or warriors. These men ranked far above the Heimin, or workers; it was their privilege to wear two swords, and as they lived by their lord's bounty, they were bound to render him absolute obedience and service in return, even at the cost of suffering or death. The chief duty of the Heimin was to pay taxes for the support of the Daimio and his Samurai, and in return they received protection, and looked to the Daimio for judgment and justice in disputes between man and man.

In 1868 came the great revolution; the Emperor took again the rights of Government which had been denied to him and his ancestors for 250 years, and the Daimios laid down their castles, the service of their Samurai, their revenues, and their noble position, at the feet of their Emperor. Many of the Samurai lost their homes, and nearly all were brought to great poverty and distress. But every one said that the great change was for the good of Japan, and that therefore all would gladly bear the suffering it brought. Some of them entered the new army, and learnt to handle a rifle or unlimber a gun, or joined the police force; some managed to secure possession of one of their lord's farms. Yoshida was one of these, and on this farm he had lived for thirty years, digging, planting, cutting, threshing, year after year, at first alone, in later years helped by his children, though so far as Eijiro was concerned, this help had been given less and less for the last six years, as he was so busy with his studies. •

Eijiro went, like all the other boys, to the village school when he was five years old, and at twelve, instead of staying at the elementary school till he was fourteen, was sent to the middle school of the prefecture. • Each prefecture must have at least

one middle school, to which boys can go any time after they are twelve, if they are bright enough ; here they have to learn at least one foreign language. Eijiro took up English, like most of the others ; for he was told that that language would open to him the best books of every country, and also would be the most useful to him if he took up business or a professional career. Now it was time for him to take another step, and go to Tokyo to finish his education at college. The expense would of course be great ; but some of the other people of the village, after hearing the reports made of his progress by the authorities of the " middle school," had promised to help, looking for their reward in the honour which the giving of an able man for the service of the country would bring to the village. This often happens in Japan. After much consideration, it had been decided that he was to take up the profession of law.

And now that the good-byes were to be said, he almost wished that it was Hirosuke who was to be the scholar of the family, and he the one to stay in the old home. He put his hand out to the sliding shutter, and pushed it back. The five pairs of eyes all turned to look out, for the others guessed what was passing in Eijiro's mind.

Below the verandah was the garden ; a row of stepping-stones, with a tiny bridge over an imaginary stream, led across a patch of green turf ; a pile of stones stood in the corner, with azaleas planted in the spaces between them, carefully arranged to represent a well-known mountain, though they seemed at first sight to be casually thrown down in confusion. On the right, some bamboos appeared over the high wooden fence, and in front, the eye passed over a wide stretch of plain covered with rice-fields, with here and there a few trees or a bamboo grove, sinking down, terrace below terrace, to the level of the stream a mile away, and rising as gradually to the foot of a low range of hills in the distance. It was not a beautiful view, over this flat, featureless plain, but it was the view from his home, which he had seen almost every day of his life, and was now to exchange for the crowded streets of the city.

No one spoke, while Eijiro slowly sipped his tea, until Hirosuke broke the silence by a yawn.

"You are tired, Hirosuke," said Mr. Yoshida. "Pumping is hard work, is it not?"

Eijiro knew what he meant. In the summer, when water is scarce, the constant flow of water over the surface of the rice-fields has to be kept

going by means of a kind of water-wheel. We see such wheels in England here and there, with a row of buckets along the tyre, into which the water flows from the higher level, and by its weight turns the wheel round. Sometimes on a Japanese farm the water enters the buckets at the lower level, and a man places his feet on the steps with which the wheel is fitted, and by continually going upstairs, so to speak, without ever getting to the top, forces the wheel round with its weight of water, and so raises it to the higher level. It is the same kind of work which our convicts used to do on the "tread-mill," if they were sentenced to hard labour; but as the farmers of Japan work for themselves, they work much harder, and much longer, than the convicts.

"Yes, I am tired," answered Hirosuke. "Isn't it bed-time yet?"

Yes, there was another side to the matter. Farming looks pleasant enough until you have to do it, and find out what hard work means, even in England. In Japan it is harder work, and there is still less pay. Eijiro thought of the early rising in the chill winter's morning, though he was prepared to go on with that in the pursuit of learning; but it would be quite another thing to get up early to sit down to a book, instead of



A FARMER'S FAMILY

to stand up to his knees in the filthy mud, with the warm rain streaming down on his back, hour after hour, planting out rice. He thought of the pumping in the baking heat, the long monotonous hours of threshing, the long dull evenings in the house, lighted by a dim oil lamp. He remembered the continuous dressing of the fields, the stench of the tobacco plantation, the closeness of the house when it had to be given up to the feeding of silk-worms. He looked at his father, growing grey with ceaseless toil, broken only by an occasional visit to the town for a religious festival, which had lost all meaning for himself; at his mother's kimono of dark blue cotton stuff, worn and washed, worn and washed, through many a long year; at his brother, whose only mental exercise was an unintelligent reading of the local paper, now rubbing his eyes to keep himself awake. What lay before them, dear good souls, except to continue this strenuous struggle for existence, year after year, until it was time for them to lay down the long burden in the sleep which knows no waking?

Then he looked again at his castle in the air. He saw himself enjoying the intellectual life of the capital, with a hundred things to interest him, wherever he chose to turn. He pictured himself

in his lawyer's hat and gown, the marks of legal dignity in Japan, as in this country, pleading in court, with clients listening to his learned setting forth of their case. "I am right to go," he said to himself. "It is a sound proverb which says that the pen is mightier than the sword. Brains are better than muscles. I shall be a rich man, while my brother is painfully adding yen to yen as the result of his years of toil, until I come to rescue him and my parents from their slavery."

Evening closes in early in the southern latitude of Japan, and it was now almost dark.

"Hirosuke is right," said Mr. Yoshida. "You must be fresh for to-morrow. But before we go to bed, hear your father's last words. You are going to tread a new path of life, but the path of virtue is the same, whatever our profession is. Your fathers have always been brave and loyal men, who served their lord well, so long as they had a lord to serve, and now serve their country well. You will be brave and loyal like them. I dare say you will not have the chance of being brave in the face of an enemy, for you are not a soldier, and we live in times of peace. But you can be as useful a citizen with your pen as they were with their swords, in the days when men

never drew their swords without good reason, and never sheathed them without honour."

"I am sure I shall do as you say, father," Eijiro answered, with the ready self-confidence of youth.

"So now let us venerate the spirits of our ancestors."

They all rose, and Mr. Yoshida led the way into the best room, where two shelves were fixed against the wall, bearing some wooden tablets, with names written upon them, and some brass vases containing slips of evergreen. Eijiro made rather a sour face as he followed, and sat on his heels with the rest before the tablets; but as the devotions went on, the contemptuous sneer passed away, for he could not deny that even he, with all his scientific learning, felt some sense of reverence stirring within him. His father, taking his place in front of the others, clapped his hands as a sign of reverence, and then addressed the spirits of those members of the family who were dead. He spoke to them as if they were ordinary people, still living and present, and still interested in the welfare of the house; saying that it was through their help that the family was prospering, that he and his children were seeking to follow worthily in their footsteps, and that

they asked the help of the spirits that they might continue to do so.

So far, he had used the form of words usual on such occasions; now he went on in words of his own. "This my son Eijiro is now going to Tokyo. He knows that you were all loyal, brave, and honest; in those things he intends to follow in your footsteps." He clapped his hands again as a sign that all was done, and they rose and went back to the living-room.

A man was coming across the rice-fields to the house door. This was a Mr. Kawamoto, who had sometimes in the evenings helped Eijiro with his English, and now wished to say good-bye. He had been educated in Tokyo, where he had become a Christian, and had entered a divinity school; and was now in charge of a small church which the Christians had built for themselves in the village, on the other side of the valley. As he was almost the only other man in the district who cared about books, the two had become friends, though Eijiro had very vague ideas of what the other's object in life was. There was not much to say, and Mr. Kawamoto soon took his leave, saying, "Go, and the Lord be with you".

Mrs. Yoshida and Hisa had by this time hung

the mosquito nettings, and laid the sleeping quilts on the floor. Eijiro lay down for the last time in the old home, thinking over the events of the day—the packing, the good-byes to his friends in the village, the regrets, the picture of the farm life which might have been his lot, the rosy outlook upon the future which he set against it; the Shinto ceremony, the farewell visit of Kawamoto San. He knew that Kawamoto's "Lord" was something different from the countless host of imperial, and local, and family ancestors in whom his father believed, and under whose protection he had been bidden by him to go forth. The foreign religion told of One instead of many, before Whom the many, and all other things in heaven and earth, must bow down and obey. But to Eijiro, with his education on modern lines, the one was as good as the other; that is to say, both alike were equally meaningless. It was evidently the right thing for a Christian to say under such circumstances, and the phrase might come in useful some day. With the satisfaction that he had added something to his store of knowledge, Eijiro fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE IMPULSE.

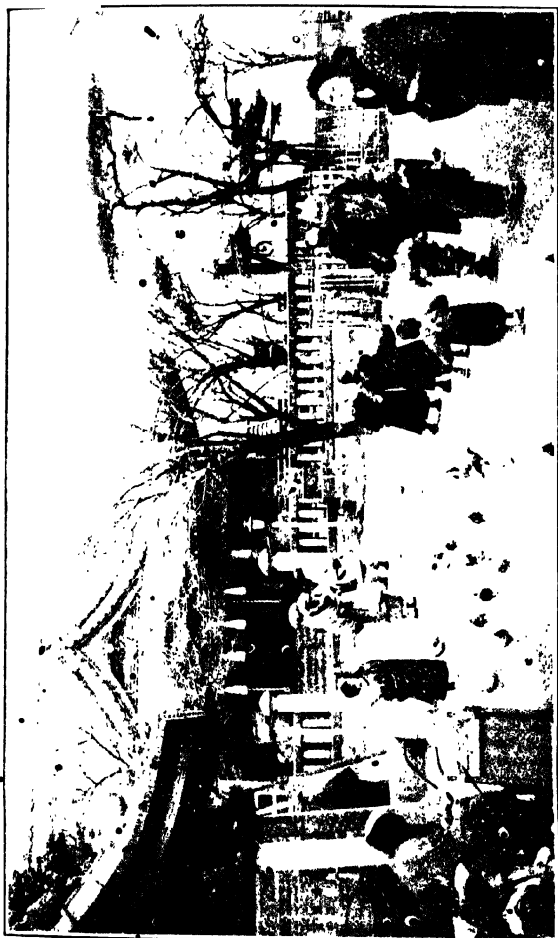
THEY were all up early next morning. Eijiro tied up the things he had kept out for night use in a square piece of cotton stuff, called a furushiki, and as soon as they had had their breakfast of rice and dried fish, the jinrickshas came to the door. Eijiro and Hirosuke placed the koris between their feet, and with a last bow of farewell they were off for the station at Narita. There were no kisses, or shakings of the hand; it would have seemed unworthy to show their feelings by any signs of emotion, and if Eijiro was sorry to leave his parents, or they to lose him, there was nothing to show it.

As their jinricksha pullers bowled them cheerfully along the road, they noticed that there were many more people than usual making in the same direction. Eijiro asked his puller what was going on, and was reminded that it

was the great day at the Buddhist temple. They had all been so busy with his preparations that they had forgotten all about it. Not that it would have made any difference to Eijiro. The temple at Narita is famous all over Japan, but Eijiro considered himself to be far above believing all the stories the bonzes tell. There is an image there, for instance, which was brought from the South a thousand years ago, because a certain great man thought it would ensure victory for his side in a war; when the victory was won, and he wished to take it home again, he found that it had become so heavy that it could not be moved. That was why the temple was built at Narita, to house the image. Another image has a red face; for a long time ago a lady, who was anxious about her nephew, prayed before the image that he might be preserved safely in battle and offered Sakè. Sakè is the national drink of Japan, made from rice, and the face of the image turned red, showing that the sakè had been enjoyed, and the prayers heard. All this seemed to Eijiro as an idle tale. But he knew that a new head had lately been appointed to the temple, a young man full of energy, who had started a guild with branches all over the country, schools connected

with the temple, a library, and other organizations. It was said that the Buddhist authorities were alarmed at the spread of Christianity, and as people did not care in these days for wonderful stories about images, did their best in other ways to keep Buddhism going. Eijiro did not take much interest in the matter; but as they had an hour to wait for their train, he shouted over his shoulder to Hirosuke, coming along behind him, "Let's go and see what's going on at the temple". It was not for the younger brother to express an opinion upon the proposal; they presently mingled with the crowd passing slowly through the great gates into the enclosure of the great temple.

In front of them stood the temple—the walls of wood, the sloping roof of grey tiles supported on massive beams—approached by five steps leading to the veranda. At the top of these was a great wooden chest, with bars instead of a lid, into which people were throwing tiny copper coins before passing into the building. The great hall within was very beautifully decorated and painted, with flowers, birds, and dragons. Facing them was a kind of altar, with a huge image of the Buddha, and enormous lotus flowers of gilded wood on either side. The air was



THE APPROACH TO A TEMPLE

heavy with incense, and bells were sounding continually ; the floor was crowded with seated worshippers, to whom a bonze, also seated on a raised dais, was preaching.

“ You know,” he said, “ that our master Kobo Daishi taught that God is everywhere, and that the great Buddha who lived in India, and all the other Buddhas in India, in China, and all other countries, received light from him ; yea, and those whom the Shintoists of our land reverence, the ancestors of our beloved Emperor, and the heroes and warriors of old time, all were enlightened from the same source. Thus do we believe more wisely than the Shintoists ; for is it not folly to suppose that in Japan alone the light has been given, or to say that men can of themselves be enlightened ? Yet this light is not given to all men. Some of you have been taught the secrets of the body, mouth, and heart ; and you know that by them the six senses may be so purified, that earthly passions fade away, and there is nothing left to prevent the soul from receiving full enlightenment. There is now the opportunity for such of you as have accepted this purification to show, for your own encouragement and for the instruction of others, how truly your senses have been purified ; to those who cannot do as we do,

and follow us over the burning way, I will say, be washed ; if you have once been washed, and yet have not this purity of sense, be washed again ; yes, all of you, be washed, and be washed often."

When the sermon was over, all the people moved out into the courtyard, where a great bed of glowing charcoal was being fanned by a number of men. Some of the people evidently knew what was going to be done, and were more or less calm ; but most of them were tremendously excited, as the bonze, with bare feet, and garments gathered up, slowly approached the end of the bed of burning charcoal, planted his feet firmly upon it, and walked across. He was followed by the other bonzes, and then a foreigner came forward, barefooted like the rest, and walked across also.

This was too much for Eijiro. The others might or might not have purified their souls so truly, that they could not feel the heat ; but this man, who looked like a German tourist visiting the country for pleasure, was not a Buddhist, and had only walked across for the fun of the thing. It could not be Buddhist purity of soul that had kept him from being hurt, but something else ; the fire was certainly real, but they must have

had some stuff to put on their feet, or there was some other trick to deceive the unwary.

But now, from another part of the courtyard, a cry arose, "Be washed," and a number of persons turned in the direction of the voice. "It is by the dust of evil actions that are past," the speaker was saying, "which settles down ever deeper and denser from year to year, and from one state of existence to another, that the soul is prevented from being so pure, that it can hold true fellowship with the light. True, you do not know what you did wrong, or in what state of existence you were, before you were born as Japanese in this present age. Yet without doubt the evil which you then did is the cause of all your present unhappiness. Be washed, then, that this dust of evil which has settled upon your souls from the past may be purged away, instead of becoming deeper yet, in the state of existence in which you now are. For if you pass from this state at your death with even more of evil burdening you, sad indeed will be your lot in the next state to which you will be born. I see some before me"—Eijiro thought he caught the speaker's eye as he said these words—"young people, just entering upon life. Be you washed; purify yourselves from the evil of the past, that you may be free

to follow the highest leadings, and be good subjects of His Majesty the Emperor."

Again the excitement became very great, as people pressed forward to stand by the metal tank, from which the bonze threw water over their heads. Eijiro looked on for a moment, and then some great impulse seemed to urge him forward, and he found himself standing before the bonze, half ashamed, half on fire with a new kind of excitement, feeling the cold water splash upon his head, and retiring as in a dream. Hirosuke's eyes were wide with astonishment, but he said nothing.

"Why, we have let the time slip away until we are too late for the train," said Eijiro, looking at his watch. "Never mind, I will go to the station, and you shall return home. You need not say anything to Father about our coming here."

The jinricksha pullers were waiting at the temple gate, gazing at the visitors, and discussing with the crowd of other pullers also waiting for their fares, the rise in the price of rice, the state of the roads, and the shortest way to Chiba now that the bridge upon the main road was broken by the recent flood. At the station, Hirosuke

made his final bow, and Eijiro was left alone to wait for the next train to Tokyo.

So he had plenty of time to think. To tell the truth, he felt a little ashamed of himself, for allowing himself to be so far carried away by impulse as to submit to that washing ceremony. Now that it was over, he thought of it with repulsion; the bonze with his yellow robe and shaved head, and the crowd of peasants with whom he had mingled, offended his tastes, as much as the notion of washing away the dust of evil from his soul offended his reason. Dust, indeed; settled upon his soul in some state of past existence of which he knew nothing, from some evil of which he was equally ignorant! The whole thing was absurd.

Still, he did not altogether blame himself. If it was by a hasty impulse that he had stepped forward, it was at least a right impulse, springing from his desire to make good use of the opportunities at Tokyo which his father had secured for him at so much cost. If he had made himself ridiculous, no one who knew him had seen it except Hirosuke, who was not likely to criticize anything his elder brother might think it good to do. If Hirosuke thought the worse of him, the precepts

of Bushido, "the way of the Japanese warrior," bade him continually to judge himself, and to do nothing which might seem improper, not in the eyes of others, but in his own.

Under the circumstances, Eijiro the scientific student, the great lawyer of the future, forgave Eijiro the country lad, just leaving home for the first time, with the sincere desire to do what was right.



THE BONZE WITH HIS YELLOW ROBE AND SHAVED HEAD

CHAPTER III.

TOKYO.

THERE is no difficulty in getting in Tokyo any kind of education that you may want. To begin with, there is the Imperial University, with its six departments of law, engineering, science, agriculture, literature, and commerce; if you do not care about this, there are "special schools" for the study of the several branches of learning. If you wish to specialize in English, there are many foreigners willing to instruct you; and there are colleges affiliated to the University. Eijiro had been advised to enter one of these, called Keiojijiku, or "Institution founded in the era of Keio".

In ancient Japan, the system of B.C. and A.D., by which we date historical events, was, of course, unknown; time was therefore reckoned in "eras," named after some great incident or national condition, often coinciding in length with the reign of an Emperor. Thus the era in which

happened the events of which we are telling, was called "the era of Meiji," or "enlightened Government," because it began when the late Emperor promised the nation a Parliamentary constitution. Upon his death, the era of "Taisho," or "Great Righteousness," began; the name in this case being chosen to express the wishes of the Emperor and of his advisers in regard to the people, rather than their actual condition. Before Meiji was "Keio"; and in that era, which lasted for four years only, a remarkable man named Fukuzawa had founded a College, which had grown in numbers until it contained 1500 students. Mr. Fukuzawa was known as "the sage of Mita," because Mita is the name of the district of Tokyo in which the College stands, and many of his wise sayings are treasured in the minds of his pupils. Keiogijiku is built upon a low hill, giving a view on one side of the "peerless" Mount Fuji, and on the other of the blue waters of Tokyo Bay, dotted with the white sails of fishing-boats, and across to Eijiro's native province of Shimosu, and the adjoining one of Choshu, at the point where the Nokogiri Mountains rise. Nokogiri is the Japanese word for a saw, and the name tells what they look like.

It was not only the fame of Mr. Fukuzawa that had decided Eijiro to enter the Keiogijiku. In England men from the same county feel that a certain bond exists between them, and a Cheshire man meeting another Cheshire man in London will make friends with him. In Japan, as we said, each province had in old times its Daimio, whom every person living in the province had to serve and obey. This devotion to a common Lord made the tie between fellow-provincials a very real one, and even now, when the rule of the Daimios has passed away, those who come from the same province are much drawn towards one another.

Now another young man from Shimosa, named Kato, whom the Yoshidas knew slightly, had entered Keiogijiku a short time before; this settled the matter. The two students should be "window-comrades". The expression brings before the mind a picture of the tiny student's room, with its cardboard partitions, called "Karakami," separating it from the next one; the cupboard in the corner, in which the sleeping quilts are kept to be drawn out and spread upon the floor at night time; the tall box divided into two parts by a shelf, in which are placed the few books, mostly paper bound, which a scanty purse

has been able to afford ; the table, three feet long and ten inches high, at which the student sits with his books before him ; the window, of thin paper pasted on a wooden framework, sliding open to admit the air. At such a window two students would in old days sit at their studies, and still the term " window-comrade " is used for a couple of school " pals," though each student in a boarding-house now has a room to himself.

Kato had met the train by which Eijiro ought to have come from Narita, and with Japanese politeness had waited for three hours at the station. In half an hour the two students, with Eijiro's *koris* and *furushiki*, were at the door of one of the boarding-houses in Mita, where Keio students lodge.

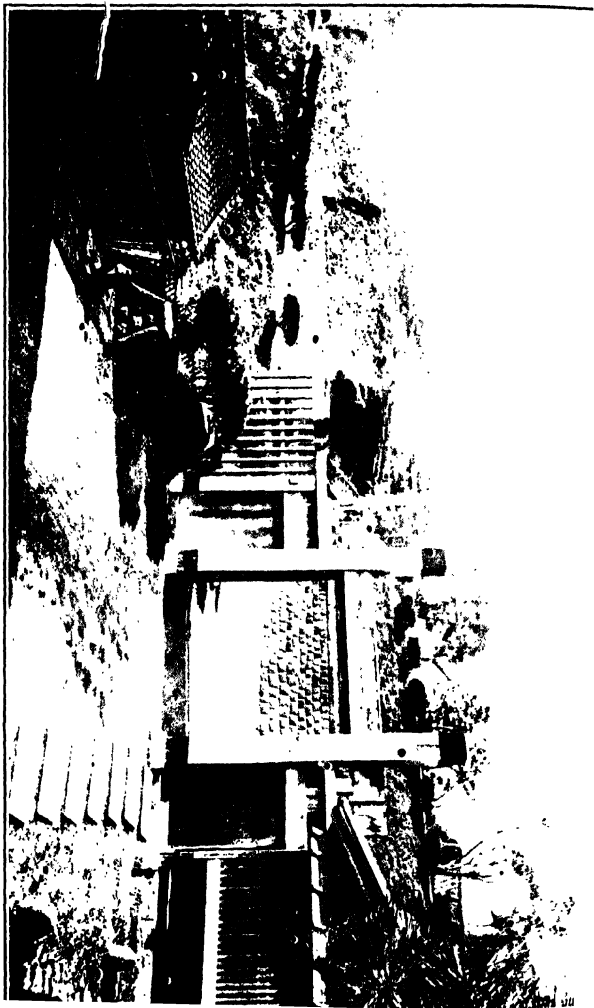
One must not think of the cosy little study in which an English public-school boy spends his out-of-school hours, or the comfortable rooms of of an Oxford under-graduate. This boarding house was a long two-storied wooden building, its end facing the road ; a long passage ran down the middle, upstairs and downstairs, and upon this the thirty students' rooms opened. The landlady, who had no connexion with the College except the holding of a licence to receive students, had a room inside the door, and Eijiro

soon came to terms with her. He was to pay seven yen, about 15s. 6d., a month, for board and lodging; he himself providing tea, and anything in the way of cakes or dainties to help out the rice and fish for breakfast, fish and rice for midday meal, and rice and fish for supper, provided by the house. He was given a room next his friend Kato, and the two sat up talking till long after midnight.

Eijiro was not used to late hours, and was very sleepy all next day; but he soon found that late hours were usual among the students. "Life is short, and learning is long." How can one learn a foreign language, and pass an examination in a special subject, for which all the text-books are in that language, in the few years of a student's life? How can one keep up with all that is going on in the world, and in one's own native country; and indeed, not only keep up with what is going on now, but enter into all the great events and discoveries of the past? Eijiro soon discovered why there were so many magazines published in Tokyo; the number is about 2700. There are so many subjects upon which every one is supposed to know something, that the only way of touching even the surface of them is by reading short articles written by experts. Eijiro took

in, not only a daily paper, but magazines dealing with law, with history, with politics, and with science.

He had been prepared to work hard, but even so, it was harder work than he had expected. He had to be ready for the first lecture at six in the morning; for in Japan, a great teacher does not attend at the hours fixed by the school authorities, but the hours are fixed to suit the convenience of the teacher, who may be engaged at half a dozen different schools. At the next desk to his in class sat a lad named Shiroy, who had four miles to walk from and to his father's house. Eijiro asked him why he did not lodge in the boarding-house, and found that it was because he could not afford the seven yen a month. His father had been an official in the Imperial Household, and had reason to believe that some of his colleagues were not quite honest. All he could do was to resign his post, in the manner of the Samurai of feudal times, so as to call attention to the point which needed improvement. He knew that this would mean that he would be left penniless; but had not many a Samurai committed Harakiri—the most painful form of suicide—rather than allow his lord to be cheated without his protest?



THE ENTRANCE TO THE RETOQUINT

Shiroy did not know whether his father's suspicions were well-founded, or whether any good came of his loyal action ; he only knew that his boarding-house charges were no longer forthcoming. So he had to be up every morning at five, and walk the four miles from his father's house in time for the six o'clock class, and make his meals off the cold rice and scrap of fish he brought from home. He spent the hours when he was not in class in the College library, until the evening came, and then there was nearly always a debate, in English or in Japanese, or the meeting of some students' society, founded not for the amusement, but for the mutual improvement, of its members. It was generally nearly midnight before this young man reached his home.

Another student, whose fees were being paid by the tradesmen in his native village, six hundred miles away to the south, seemed to think that he must repay his benefactors by not giving a moment to recreation, or a quarter of the hours of darkness to sleep. He looked very pale and ill, and had hardly taken his last examination, some months later, when he broke down with consumption, as so many Japanese students do, and died. The death-rate from

this complaint is 133,000 a year; more than twice that of England.

Yet another, he found, had taken service under a milk dealer, and started off every morning at four to deliver the milk; a fourth disappeared each evening, and only returned when even the most industrious had at last gone to bed. An accident let out his secret. Eijiro had been kept late one night, looking up some point of study in the Imperial Library, at the other end of the city, and thought that he would give himself the luxury of a jinricksha ride home. He took one that was waiting outside the gate, and began explaining exactly where his lodging-house was. He was cut short with the words, "I know," and as he was getting the coppers out of his purse to pay for his ride, the light of the paper lantern fell on the puller's face, and to his surprise he saw his fellow-student. "Very convenient for me," he quietly remarked. "I generally wait at the library for some people who often go there from Tsukiji; but you have brought me to my own lodging-house."

Eijiro would have liked to help him with a double fee; but he himself was very little better off, and after all, business is business, and every one has to fight his own battle. Every Japanese

boy knows the meaning of the paper carp, which are set streaming in the wind in the month of May. He will not turn tail and swim downstream, because that is the easiest thing to do; stoutly and bravely he makes his way up against the strongest current: growing all the stronger for the effort he has to make. There were, of course, a certain number of lazy, evil-minded students among the fifteen hundred. But the altar of learning demanded, and received, abundant sacrifices of ease and comfort. So Eijiro was the more encouraged to exert himself to the utmost, in order to make a return to his father for the self-denial by which he had saved the money to pay for his education.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIXED BOAT'S CREW.

THERE was a custom at the Keiogijiku of holding an "oration meeting" once a month, in a large hall attached to the College, the exact copy of a Methodist Chapel somewhere in America. Half a dozen or so of the students would put down their names to speak, each choosing his own subject. This gave useful practice to those who very likely would some day be members of Parliament. It is very easy to use flowery language in Japanese, and as the sentences are very lengthy, you have plenty of time, while you are rolling out one remark, to think what the next one is going to be. So the audience was generally treated to great displays of oratory.

Sometimes Mr. Fukuzawa himself would make time amid his many duties (he was the Editor of the most influential newspaper in Tokyo), to come to one of these meetings. There was no fervid oratory then; in the

simplest words he put before his hearers plain truths, drawn from the depth of a long and wide experience of life, by a very shrewd mind. "Remember, when things seem to go amiss, that in life's accounts there is always a column for out-goings, as well as a column for profits." "To cheat may pay for a time, but in the long run, honesty in business, and in everything else, turns out to be the best."

On one of these evenings, he devoted his speech to the subject of bodily exercise. "It is good," he said, "to have a cultivated mind, well stored with knowledge; but a wise man needs to have a well-cultivated body with which to do his work." Then he spoke of the different forms of exercise open to students, showing the different advantages of each, and advised them to make the best use of these.

The playing field of the Keiogijiku, like that of most Japanese schools, was very small; an English boy would have said that there was not room for a decent cricket pitch. The American game of base-ball was just coming in, and a few students played lawn tennis; but most found their way to a large building by the side of the playing field, with a floor matted for "jujutsu". This is a form of sport of which

Japanese are very fond. It is not the aim to vanquish your adversary by sheer strength, but to turn his strength to his disadvantage by your own skill, and knowledge of anatomy. There are said to be more than a hundred different grips, twists, trips, and other devices taught by the experts at "jujutsu," as this kind of wrestling is called.

The building at all times echoed, too, with the thwack of single-sticks. The stick is held with both hands, and the body protected with a thick jerkin, the head with a helmet. Sometimes a company of ten or more students would be matched against another company of the same number. The leader of each company had a flower in his helmet; when the players on one side break this flower on the helmet of the opposing leader, the victory is won.

Eijiro took Mr. Fukuzawa's words to heart, and made up his mind to keep his body strong. He tried the "jujutsu" and the single stick, but found that he was quite out-classed by the skill of others. He wanted some form of exercise in which his natural strength as a farmer's son would be of value; and one day, as he stood on the College terrace looking over Tokyo Bay at his native mountains, a rowing boat crossed his



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line of vision. It occurred to him that rowing would be the very thing for him, as it needed no skill. Tokyo stands on a river, the Sumida, which branches out at its mouth into several streams before it reaches the bay; on these streams a few rowing boats, built for the western style of rowing, were let out by enterprising watermen. In Japanese boats, the oar is not pulled, but pushed, the rower standing up to his work; it is bent in the middle, and kept in its place with a leather thong, which answers to our rowlock, or out-rigger, so that the blade moves through the water with the same motion as that of a fish's tail. Eijiro joined himself to the small company of students who went in for rowing.

He found, as was to be expected, that he was much better able to do his work after an hour's row, though he had made quite a mistake in supposing that no skill was required. But with perseverance, he and his crew were able to manage the boat to their satisfaction. Then one of them suggested that they should ask the teacher of English to join them in a longer expedition up the river, to see the avenue of cherry blossoms just beyond the city.

The teacher of English was a Cambridge

man, named Pritchard, who had come to Japan, as they all knew, as a missionary. Eijiro, and the students generally, could see no object in such a person coming to Japan to teach religion, and they did not trouble their heads to ask further why he was there. It was a great advantage to the school to have his services at a less cost than would have been incurred if Mr. Fukuzawa had specially engaged a teacher from abroad; and if he was willing to teach, it was no one's business to ask whether he had an axe of his own to grind, beyond that of earning his salary. The constitution of Japan provides that every one is free to profess whatever religious opinions he pleases, so long as they are not adverse to the morals of the people, or to the dignity and the authority of the throne; it is left to the Bureau of Religions, now a part of the educational department, to regulate this. Thus efforts have been made to restrict the activity of the Mormons; but no objection has ever been raised to the preaching of the Christian Faith. Mr. Fukuzawa at one time maintained in his newspaper, that it would be a very good thing for the people to have a religion, and as he could not see any great future for Buddhism and Shinto, owing to the advance of education, the best

religion that they could have was Christianity. But as he also made it clear that he himself did not believe in any religion, or feel the need of it, his words did not carry much weight. At the same time, if any of his students chose to accept the faith, they were, of course, free to do so.

If Mr. Pritchard had been asked why he taught in the school, he would have answered in the spirit of the proverb, "Fools build houses, and wise men dwell in them". Not that he would have meant that the authorities of the school were fools. Perhaps their view was, that "Fools travel, and wise men pick their brains". He saw, in the opening such teaching gave him, an excellent opportunity for making the acquaintance of some of the future leaders of thought in Japan, and so of drawing them to the knowledge of the Son of God. He was one of four University men, living together at St. Andrew's House, about a mile from the College, and just by St. Andrew's Church.

Mr. Pritchard was delighted to join the party, and early in the afternoon of a glorious day in the early summer, they pushed off from the landing-stage under the shade of the pine-trees, raising their sombre heads in dignified contrast

with the bright blue sky above. Certainly the boat went faster than ever before: Eijiro's mistake in thinking that rowing was a form of exercise which required no skill, was more and more clear. When they stopped for a few minutes, Mr. Pritchard ventured to give a few hints, such as he used to give his College Eight while coaching from the bank at Cambridge. The crew did not pay the slightest attention; of course they knew all about it, and had no need of being set right.

The tea-house at which they drew up was famous for a particular kind of cake called Dango. It is told in an old fairy tale, that Momotaro, the little boy who was born from a peach (momo), which an old couple found floating down a river, set out for his travels with his wallet full of dango made by the old woman. He gave one each to a pheasant, a monkey, and a bee, and so persuaded them to become his allies in his attack upon the stronghold of the hobgoblins.

A bowl of dango was set in the middle of the floor, and the party of rowers sat round it, with their cups of tea in front of them, helping themselves from the bowl with their chopsticks. Mr. Pritchard evidently did not know how to manage

them ; after various attempts, he succeeded in getting hold of a dangō, and raised it to his mouth. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip ; he held it so badly, that it fell from between the chopsticks, plop into his teacup. There was a loud laugh at this, in which Mr. Pritchard joined.

Great crowds of people were walking up and down the river bank, between the famous rows of cherry trees in full blossom. They were planted hundreds of years ago by a Daimio, whose town house stood beside the river, and many a stately procession of men-at-arms in ancient armour, and maidens with flowing hair, in attendance upon the great man borne in the palanquin, must they have witnessed in the days that are no more. The behaviour of the people, drawn from every rank of Tokyo life, yet all alike drinking in the beauty of the blossoms, was almost as interesting to the foreigner as the masses of pink. In the cool of the evening they rowed down to the boat-house again, and before they parted, Mr. Pritchard said, " You teach me how to hold chopsticks, and I will teach you how to row ".

This was the first of several such expeditions, each of which brought more closely together the

eastern students and the western missionary, with their very different ways of looking upon the world. Mr. Pritchard knew that their eyes were upon every action of his, and that they were keen observers of character ; and he for his part learnt a good deal of Japanese ways. His friendly relations with them made his work in class more easy and pleasant, and presently he began to call upon them in their boarding-houses. One day, when Eijiro had started upon a subject which led to his telling something of the story of his life, Mr. Pritchard asked him to come up to tea at St. Andrew's some Sunday afternoon, when he knew that the students had leisure for paying calls, so that they might have a talk.



A JAPANESE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE CALL CAME.

MR. PRITCHARD had a life story behind him, no less than Eijiro. Not but what every one has a life story behind him, by the time he is five-and-twenty ; it may be more or less interesting, and it may have been a preparation for a life of happiness or a life of sadness, but it is there, a part of the man or the woman that is, and that shall be. We do not always remember this, as we see some famous speaker on a public platform, or read of some incident in the life of some good woman ; nor do we always remember that every action must bear fruit of some kind or other. It is this truth that Buddhism has grasped, in its doctrine of Karma.

Pritchard was the son of a Birmingham business man ; he went to the elementary school with a thousand others, with each of whom the future of England in part lay, and left with a County Council Scholarship at the Grammar School.

If anyone had told him in those days that he was going to be a missionary, he would have laughed at the idea. Wealth, riches, and honour in the eyes of the world were before him, as they were before King Solomon in his first outlook upon life; why should he not have them? All the world was his oyster, and there was no reason why a County Council Scholar, with the wonderful advantages in the way of education offered to him in such a city as Birmingham, should not raise himself to be ranked among the great. In every school there are those who mean to succeed, and those who are happy to be "crawlers on the ground," as the old Greeks called them, content in dull obscurity to follow the line of least resistance. Pritchard was one of the former. He worked hard at his books, in school and out of school, because he knew that knowledge was the stepping-stone to greatness.

But man proposeth, and God disposeth. His parents were devout people, and taught him, to regard going to church as one of the ordinary duties of an Englishman. One day, a missionary from South Africa preached in the church. Of course, the boy had followed the events of the South African war with great interest; but it was all new ground that the preacher trod, when he

spoke of the native peoples there, with their old ideas of life broken up by the coming of the white men, and of their efforts to secure for themselves some of the blessings which they saw that the white man enjoyed. There was a lantern lecture in the schoolroom on the following day, and Pritchard hurried home after school to get his home-work done, so that he might go.

The missionary was able to speak more freely now, than in the pulpit. He told of the dark shadow of witchcraft which had for so long held the people in dread, and prevented them from rising from their old evil customs, some of which he described; and of the wise British rule, under which the worst of these deeds of bloodshed and wickedness had been forbidden. He spoke of their willingness to learn, and of their real powers and good qualities, when properly treated; and of the instinct for religion which was in them, turned indeed in the past to the worship of spirits and demons, but now making them ready to grasp the belief in a God of Love, and to make it known to their fellows. "The Kafir," he repeated several times, "needs two things, education and religion; and he means to get them both."

Then he told of some of the adventures with

which he had met, and of some of the interesting people with whom he had to deal, and showed that in South Africa there was a call for Christian workers of every kind, from teachers of carpentry to professors of theology; and that this call was specially given to English people, because to them it had been entrusted to bear rule there.

The examinations were coming on, and Pritchard had not much time for thinking about anything else. His hard work was rewarded by his winning a prize over the heads of many boys older than himself, and on prize-day he had his first taste of greatness, when he found himself on the platform among the prize-winners.

The speech of the day was made by the Chairman of the County Council, who addressed those present as "Citizens of no mean city," a city built up by the wisdom and knowledge of those who had gone before. He mentioned some of these, and looking round at the prize-winners, remarked that it was evident that some of them had acquired a good deal of wisdom and knowledge, which would make them good and useful citizens in days to come. So Pritchard received his prize at the hands of the great man, and went home to enjoy the holidays.

"Wisdom and knowledge"; the two words

stayed in his mind. It was for those that Solomon had asked, rejecting the wealth, riches, and honour which all men naturally desire ; not for himself, but for the good of the people committed to his charge. The missionary had said that the people of South Africa needed teachers, and that they were committed to the charge of Great Britain. There would always be plenty of men of wisdom and knowledge in Birmingham, who would use their gifts—how? By building great factories, and carrying on great industries ; would it be really for the good of the city? If so, why was a great strike going on among the workpeople, who said that they did not get enough wages to keep body and soul together? Did public benefit really come first, or self? Was material prosperity a true blessing to a country?

Then he thought of the missionary's address. There could be no selfishness, surely, about such a life ; it meant giving up home and comfort for the sake of others, working in a far-away land where his existence was almost forgotten, and putting aside all dreams of greatness. He lay awake one night thinking of his problem, and the words came into his mind, " Arise, go into Damascus"—do the thing that lies immediately before you—"and it shall be told thee what thou

must do". He said nothing to anyone, but went back to school, and worked as hard as ever for the next term, and many terms afterwards. Not that he was "disobedient to the heavenly vision"; the path of duty clearly lay at school, at least for the present.

So he left school, with all sorts of prizes, and entered a lawyer's office. His chief was a kindly-hearted man, who encouraged him to keep up his studies by attending evening lectures, where he fell in with another old Grammar School boy, named Ralphs, who was studying engineering, and the two became great friends. Ralphs held a good position in a large firm, and Pritchard enjoyed the good opinion of his chief.

Then a case was brought, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, by a man who had lost his arm at Ralphs' works. It was fought to the end, by Pritchard's firm acting for the employers, and won by them. The man, with his wife and children, shortly afterwards was admitted to the workhouse. How could it be helped? Business is business, and law is law. The man had not a particularly good character, and probably was not much loss. But the wife and children? The two friends were talking the matter over together, when Pritchard cried, "I hate it all. There's

something wrong. Every one tries to get the better of every one else, and the weakest goes to the wall. It's self, self, everywhere. I'd chuck it for two pins, and——"

"And do what?" said Ralphs.

Pritchard had spoken almost without thinking. But he answered, very soberly and thoughtfully, "Go out as a missionary, or something of that kind. That's the most unselfish thing I know."

Ralphs looked equally grave. "My dear fellow, you don't mean that?"

"I did think of it, at one time. But I don't know that I was right. One has all sorts of ideas when one is young. I have got my berth now, and there are my parents, and. . . ." He could not go on. Wisdom and knowledge; wealth, riches, and honour; home, comfort; loneliness, banishment—how could he speak of all the thoughts that had passed through his mind?

"You had better come too," he said with a laugh.

"I haven't the brains to learn a language, and I don't suppose the niggers want engineering."

"I don't know about that. There's plenty of room, in South Africa for instance, for all sorts of learning."

Ralphs laughed again, and Pritchard went

home. He told his mother all about it, and she told his father, who a week later said to him, "Are you really prepared to offer yourself as a missionary, perhaps to be refused; to begin to study new subjects, as you will have to do if you wish to be ordained before you go out; and then, to give up your home, and all the prospects open to you in England, for the sake of this work that you propose?"

"Yes, Father. I have counted the cost. Will you and Mother give me up?"

"Yes, we will. Go, and the Lord be with thee. I should have been glad if you had been given an appointment in a good lawyer's office in Calcutta or Melbourne, so why should I keep you back, when you believe that you are offered service under the King of Kings?"

So it was settled, and Ralphs, to his surprise, said that he had been thinking the matter over, and if Pritchard was going, he would go too.

S.P.G. did not refuse either of the two friends. As Ralphs was going as a layman, he needed little special training, and shortly afterwards was sent out to South Africa, to join the staff at a large industrial school. A society made Pritchard a grant to add to what his father could contribute to send him to Cambridge, and he spent three

happy years of hard work there. In the end, it was found that South Africa had no urgent need of a man of his particular gifts, which seemed better suited for the work in Japan. He had been looking forward to joining Ralphs, but he would not spoil his offering of himself by wilfulness, in choosing the part of the wide field to which he would go. . And so it came about that he was sent to St. Andrew's House in Tokyo, to work among the cultured students of the Japanese capital, while his friend had found his life's work among the semi-barbarian Kafirs of South Africa.

CHAPTER VI.

A CALL AT ST. ANDREW'S.

YOSHIDA EIJIRO did not forget the invitation to call at St. Andrew's House, though it was some time before he had a Sunday afternoon free. Sunday is a great day in Japan for paying calls and receiving friends, as it is a holiday with almost every one. It is rather remarkable that non-Christian Japan should regard as a day of gladness the weekly day of remembrance of the resurrection. It is not supposed to be a day of worship, but is at least a day of rest, and many people in England, who call themselves Christians, have not risen above that idea of the day.

However, he went to the house about a month later, and was much disappointed to be told that Mr. Pritchard was not at home. Every Japanese student carries his card-case about with him, so Eijiro produced his, and was shown into a large room, with several sofas and chairs, used when there was a gathering of Japanese guests, and a



number of books on shelves. Presently a tall Englishman came in, wearing a long black robe which reached to his feet, who introduced himself as Mr. Hayward, and said that he must of course stay and have tea, although Mr. Pritchard was not at home. A Japanese gong sounded in the hall outside, and they crossed into the dining-room, where Eijiro found a table with a white cloth and English tea-things ; a kettle was boiling on a spirit-lamp set on an American stove. The house, like all "foreign-style" houses in Japan, was built of wood, with iron stoves and pipes instead of fire-places and chimneys.

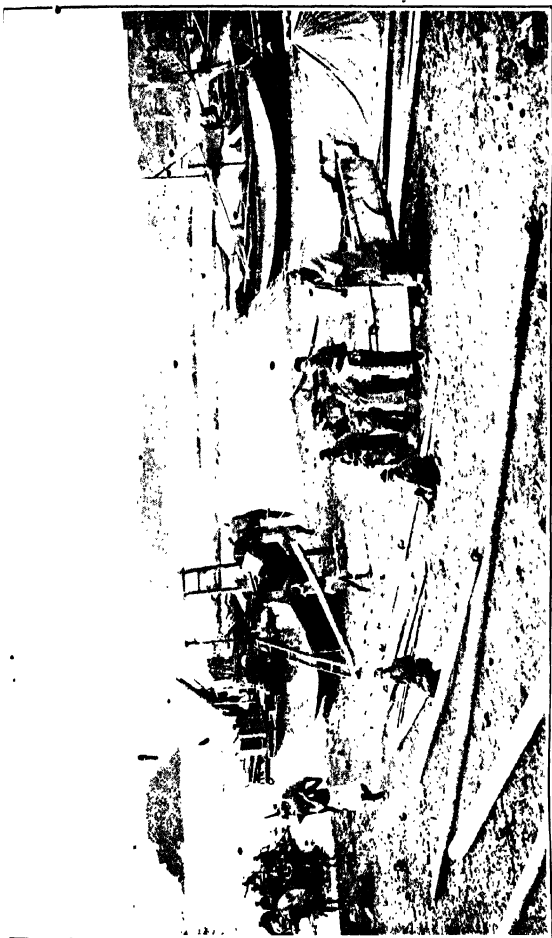
Eijiro looked at all these things with much interest, while Mr. Hayward made tea, as he noticed, with boiling instead of luke-warm water ; and the tea was brown instead of green. Two more clergymen, and another Englishman, came in and sat down. It is not to be supposed that Eijiro felt shy, but as it was the first time that he had had a meal with Europeans, he was rather afraid of doing something foolish. He watched to see what the others did, and was delighted to find that he could understand a good deal of the conversation, though when he tried to answer the remarks which Mr. Hayward politely addressed to him the words were painfully slow—to the

others, at any rate—incoming. He was greatly impressed by the friendliness which seemed to exist between the men, and the brightness and cheerfulness of the whole party. He had supposed, from what he knew of the bonzes of his own country, that teachers of religion were sure to be dull and gloomy people, but there was nothing of that sort here.

He found that the man who was not a clergyman was a visitor to Japan, taking a trip round the world. Eijiro looked at him with envy, wondering whether the day would ever come when he would be able to afford a visit to England, the darling wish of every Japanese student. Something was said about rowing, and the traveller proved to have rowed in the University boat-race. So they had a topic in which they were all interested, and Eijiro was able to explain to the stranger the Japanese method of rowing.

“Will you come up to my room?” said Mr. Hayward, when tea was over. It was a small room, simply furnished, with many books and pictures on the walls, which at once attracted Eijiro’s attention.

“Where has Mr. Pritchard gone?” he asked, leaning back in the arm-chair in which Mr. Hayward had placed him, for the first time in his life.



JAPANESE BOATS, SPARS, AND OARS

"He has gone to Shimosa."

"Indeed? That is my native province."

"That is strange. Shimosa is Mr. Pritchard's country district."

"What is that?"

"We each of us have a district in the country, which we visit from time to time, where there is a congregation of Christians, and an evangelist or catechist in charge of a church."

"Oh yes, I know one of them, Mr. Kawamoto."

"Do you? Well, he is the sort of man who is working in a great many of the country districts. He holds services in the church in his village, and in houses in the villages round, and teaches those who wish to learn, and to be prepared for baptism. Mr. Pritchard has gone to see some of these, and find out whether they are ready."

"How does he know whether they are ready?"

"They have to know what they have to believe and what they have to do, if they become Christians, and to show that they do believe, and that they understand, and are in earnest."

"How long does it take to get ready?"

"Sometimes six months, sometimes two years."

"But I suppose one can be a Christian without

being baptized? I know several students who call themselves Christians, and they have never been baptized."

"Shall you be able to practise at the bar without being admitted?"

Mr. Hayward had learnt during tea that his guest was studying law.

"No, but it doesn't seem quite the same thing."

"You must be admitted to the legal society before you are a lawyer, and you must be admitted to the Christian society before you are a Christian."

"I see. Can you only be baptized once?"

"Yes, only once."

"Indeed. In Buddhist baptism. . . ." He did not finish his sentence. He did not wish to know too much about Buddhist baptism; the thought of it made him feel rather small in his own eyes. "Why do Buddhists and Christians have a similar ceremony? Did the Buddhists borrow from the Christians, or the Christians from the Buddhists?"

"I do not think either borrowed from the other. All over the world, men know that there is such a thing as sin, and that there is 'sin' in

their own hearts, and the act of washing the body is a sign of the wish that the heart shall be purified."

"Is Mr. Pritchard baptizing any people to-day?"

"I do not know. He was going to Odaki this morning, and to Chiba this evening."

"I know both of those places quite well."

"Do you really? And do you know Mr. Kawamoto well?"

"Oh yes. He often helped me with my English, and when I left home, he came to say good-bye, and said, 'The Lord be with you'."

"And has his kind wish been fulfilled?"

Eijiro had not thought about the matter from that day to this. But it is natural to Japanese, perhaps as the result of the severe rule of the Daimios in the Middle Ages, to say the things which they think will give most pleasure to those with whom they are talking. It is not that they wish to deceive; the thought which is uppermost in their minds at the moment seems to be the truth, shutting out anything that might be to the contrary, and the thought of the moment is that which is suggested by the desire to give pleasure. So he could make but one answer to the question of this man with the kind eyes and interested

face. "Yes, I think it has. I have often wished to know more about Christianity."

Mr. Hayward knew the Japanese character well enough not to be filled with enthusiasm at this declaration. "Have you been attending Mr. Pritchard's church at Mita?"

Eijiro knew the small building well from the outside, as it was in the middle of the students' boarding-house district. "Yes, but I am very busy, and cannot go often."

"Or have you been to his Bible class?"

"No, I did not know that he had one. If I read all the Bible, can I then be baptized?"

"Not if you know every word of it by heart, unless you are prepared to live by it—to live the truth, and speak the truth," he added, with what Eijiro thought might be an allusion to his statement about his attending the church services. "Do you know Narita?"

"Oh yes. I often go there. It is our railway station."

"That is where they walk through fire at the Buddhist temple, isn't it? Have you ever seen that done?"

"Yes, I saw it quite recently."

"And how is it done?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"There must be some trick, I suppose, to keep them from burning their feet?"

"Yes," answer Eijiro, with a laugh. "I am sure there is some device. I am a scientific person"—Eijiro's English was not perfect yet—"and know that you cannot walk with bare feet on burning charcoal. But I do not understand it." And he laughed again.

Mr. Hayward had the measure of his man now. At that moment some one knocked at the door, and Mr. Adams, the tourist visitor, came in. "Sorry to interrupt," he said. "I have been thinking of getting hold of some student, who wants to see his native country, to travel with me and do the talking. The professional guides are too smart for me. I want to rough it a bit, up in the mountains, and do not see the point of paying a dollar a day to a grand gentleman who always wants to ride in a jinricksha, and won't carry a satchel on his back. I thought that you might know of one, and if you did not, this young man might know ~~of~~ one among the students at the College."

Eijiro's eyes glistened. There was nothing he would like better for himself; apart from the pleasure of travelling, it would be a splendid opportunity to improve his English. But Mr.

Hayward answered, "I have no doubt that one of the night-school students will be delighted to go. When do you start?"

"To-morrow."

"That is rather awkward," with Pritchard away."

"I shall be all right for a day or two at Miyanoshita. The student could join me there on Wednesday."

"You may depend upon us to find you a man."

"Many thanks." And Mr. Adams went away.

"What is that night school?" Eijiro asked.

"We have a night school for English, in the building opposite. It used to be a divinity school, but that has been moved now, and the building is used as a hostel for students, who are Christians, or who have a real wish to be Christians. The night school is held in the large room on the ground floor."

"Can I come into the hostel? I wish to be a Christian."

"I thought so," said Mr. Hayward to himself. "You would wish to be a good many things, if there was a chance of up-country travel, and picking up more English." But he answered out aloud, "It is in Mr. Pritchard's charge. I do not know if there is a vacant room. Of course,

if you care to come to the night school, it is open to anyone. There are the bells ringing for the service. Should you care to come?"

Eijiro had been conscious of the sound of six bells ringing in a chime. They are only tubular bells, but answer their purpose very well. He said he would go, and for the first time in his life was present at a Christian service. It was conducted by a Japanese clergyman. He noticed a number of girls, members of the orphanage; some young men of his own age, who were being trained for the ministry of the Church, and a general congregation of men and women, the men sitting on one side, the women on the other. He did not understand the service very well, especially the Psalm and the Old Testament lesson. The prayers for the Emperor and the Imperial Family were quite to his mind; the sermon was about Christian love. The preacher took various good qualities which are like love, and showed how Christian love differed from them.

So Eijiro went back to his boarding-house with many new thoughts. It had all been interesting, and it was nice to feel that he knew enough English to carry on a conversation with Englishmen. But above all, his mind was full of the possibilities which this visit had opened

before him. He stopped on his way at a little shop where the Keiōgijiku students generally bought their books, and for a few cents purchased a second-hand copy of the New Testament in English. He sat up till a late hour learning the phrases in his "English Conversation Book", grouped under the heading "Travel," and as he drew his sleeping quilts from the cupboard, he said to himself, "I will go to that night school tomorrow."

CHAPTER VII.

SADNESS AND GOOD CHEER.

WHILE Yoshida Ejjiro was making the acquaintance of Mr. Pritchard's friends, Mr. Pritchard made that of Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida. It was quite natural that he should do so, for when Kawamoto San made his usual report of his work, he mentioned that the young man whom he had helped with his English studies had gone to Tokyo, to the very College in which he knew that Mr. Pritchard was teaching. So when his morning service and Sunday School were done, he took a jinricksha, and went across the valley to call at the farm.

They received him very kindly, as soon as they understood ~~who~~ he was, and he for his part was delighted with the couple, and with their house. There was nothing about this farmer of the artificial life of the city; he asked after his son's welfare in words of great affection, although with respect, almost reverence, for his abilities as

the scholar of the family. Mrs. Yoshida brought out the best pads (zabuton) for the illustrious visitor to sit upon, with many apologies for the roughness and untidiness of the best room, which, of course, was free of all furniture except the fire-box in the middle of the floor, and as clean as a new pin. She left her husband to do the talking, while she vanished into the living room, soon to reappear with table, chop-sticks, and tub of rice, so that her guest might enjoy a meal—rather to his embarrassment, as it was not yet even afternoon tea-time, and he had to eat with Mr. Yoshida sitting by and talking. But natural politeness came to the rescue. “Are you fond of art?” Mr. Yoshida inquired.

“Very fond,” Mr. Pritchard answered, rather doubtfully. The farmer vanished in his turn; and Mr. Pritchard saw him walk across the yard to the white building used as a store-house, unlock the door, and disappear within.

We foreigners call these store-houses “go-downs”; a name derived from a Malay word which commercial men have carried with them all over the far East. Japanese houses being built of wood, fires are much more frequent, and more disastrous, than in England; everyone, therefore, who has anything worth storing, has a



detached building, with very thick walls of cement, and heavy doors of the same material, which the fire cannot penetrate.

"Is Mr. Yoshida fond of art?" he asked Mrs. Yoshida.

"Oh yes, he has some very good specimens of the work of the old masters. All these pictures on the *karakami* were painted by him," she added, pointing with pride at the cardboard partitions, between the room in which they sat and the living-room.

Mr. Pritchard had not paid much attention to them. There was a tiger's head, exceedingly life-like and full of expression; an old woman walking with a child, knocked off in a few vigorous strokes; and some Japanese characters, written with a very thick brush. Mr. Pritchard was no judge of such things, but he guessed that they were very fine specimens of calligraphy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Yoshida came back with a dozen roll-pictures under his arm, tied round with great care. Japanese art is a study for a life-time, and Mr. Pritchard could only suppose that these were good pieces from the names which were read to him, from the artists' seals impressed upon the corners. It is easy to forge a signature in Japan, so people of any importance

have their seals, usually of wood, on which their names are carved in a conventional style of writing, with many flourishes and curious devices, which make imitation almost impossible. Out of the depth of his ignorance Mr. Pritchard expressed his admiration, which was very real at least in regard to the taste for artistic things possessed by this country farmer.

Then a number of slips of thick paper were produced, on which the same country farmer had written his poems. A Japanese poem consists of a single sentence of either seventeen or thirty-one syllables, and the skill is shown by the dainty expression of some beautiful thought within these limitations. The author read several to him, of which he could understand very little, as the poetical language was beyond him; and his surprise was the greater when Mr. Yoshida entered into a long explanation of one of them, which was founded upon a historical incident handed down from the middle ages of Japan. "I have always been fond of history," he said, "and of the lives of great men. I have just been reading the life of a good man, named Father Damien, who gave up his life to live among lepers on an island to which they were all sent, so as not to give the complaint to other people."

Mrs. Yoshida, too, was an interesting person in her own way. Her eyebrows were shaved off, and her teeth blackened, in the fashion that was correct for women in old Japan, before Western ideas came in. The fashion was started three hundred years ago by a certain great man who had a very fair skin, of which he was proud, and thought that he would show it off in this way, just as our grandmothers used to set off their complexions by fixing black patches, which they called "beauty spots," upon their cheeks. The fashion did not spread among the men of Japan, but the women followed it until recent times. While the husband was fetching the pictures, Mr. Pritchard noticed the family shrine with its little lamp burning upon the shelf, at which we remember they had done their devotions to the spirits of their ancestors, on the eve of Eijiro's departure for Tokyo. Mrs. Yoshida saw him glance at it, and remarked, "You do not have this in your country."

"No. Our religion is different to yours. We believe in One God, who is Lord of the dead and of the living."

"Then you believe that the dead are not really dead, but living somewhere beyond?"

"Yes, we do."

"We used all of us to believe that. 'But my son Ejjiro is so clever, you know, and has read so many books, and he says that when a man is dead he is dead, and there is the end of him. My master will not have it so, and is quite angry when Ejjiro talks about it. But he is my son, you know, and he—oh, I don't know what to think."

Then she got up, and went through the *karakami* into the living-room, as she saw "her master" returning from the *gō-down*.

So Mr. Pritchard was sorry when the time came for him to go. The whole household assembled at the door, crying with many bows, "Please come again. Come again soon." Mr. Pritchard made up his mind that he would indeed come again.

He left Mr. Kāwamoto to take the evening service, and walked on to the next village, where he was to meet the Christians and inquirers in the house of a doctor, who was thoroughly in earnest about his faith, and devoted himself to making it known among his neighbours. He preferred to walk, not only because it saved the *jinricksha* fare, but also because it gave him time for some quiet thinking. He felt that he needed some spiritual refreshment of the kind.

For a missionary is often inclined to suffer from low spirits. He does not often have to endure hardness in the way of facing persecution, or risking his life from the attacks of enemies, who may kill the body, but cannot hurt the soul. The evil one does not try him in that way, but by assaults upon his soul, trying to crush his faith, and make him give up his work. Mr. Pritchard, as we saw, had offered himself as a willing sacrifice, that he might honour his Master by being the instrument, under Him, by which some at least of the Japanese people might be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd. And how had his sacrifice been accepted? He had been in the country for two years; he had made a certain amount of progress in the language, but sometimes it seemed as if he would never be able to master its huge vocabulary, and its strange grammar, and its thousands of characters, with their endless combinations of dashes, and lines, and strokes. He had taught English in the college and in the night school, but that was not teaching the Christian Faith. He had hoped that some of the young men with whom he had to deal would come, as Nicodemus came to our Lord, to inquire into the Faith, but very few had so far shown any genuine desire to learn.

They all seemed to have some other motive; one wished to improve his English, another to find out something about English life, a third thought that religion would be a useful thing for the Japanese people—the people generally, not himself—in keeping up the standard of morality, and so on. The village to which he was going gave an illustration. He had held a Bible class, giving the lessons by interpretation, Mr. Kawamoto putting his English explanations into Japanese, and was delighted to find five teachers from the school attending this class. But one day, when he had so far advanced in his knowledge of the language that he was able almost to do without interpretation, the teachers asked that the instruction might be given in English only, as they found the interpretation, and his imperfect Japanese, troublesome. It turned out that they had regarded the class as a cheap method of getting some lessons in English.

Again, he had done his best to preach in the district, and at first a great many people had come; but when they had got used to the sight of a foreigner trying to use their own language, the audiences had fallen off greatly. What did it all mean? On the other hand, when he passed through Narita, he had seen the temple



thronged, and knew that a million people visited it every year. Had his sacrifice been refused? Was Buddhism stronger than Christ?

He drew from his pocket a letter he had received from Ralphs. "It is wonderful," he wrote, "to see how keen the people are. We laid the foundation-stone of a new church the other day. The natives have raised nearly all the money needed, all by themselves, and on the Sunday after the foundation-stone laying, there were 175 communicants, and 248 candidates were confirmed. The Bishop had to preach in the churchyard, as there was not anything like room enough for all the congregation in the church. And we have finished another school-chapel. The natives burnt 50,000 bricks, and quarried and carted all the stone. They had a 'giving meeting,' at which nearly all the money for building and furnishing was put down."

All this was very different to his lot. Ralphs' sacrifice had clearly been accepted, if success was the test; but was it? "There is no man that hath left . . . but he shall receive a hundred-fold." Brethren indeed he had found, in the dear circle at St. Andrew's, but not the other things, nor the persecutions.

As he neared his village, the clouds lifted.

After all, he was doing the thing nearest to his hand, as he had done when the civil first came to him, indistinctly, in his schooldays. He could leave the rest to God. It was not for him to convert people; that is the work of the Holy Spirit. And who could tell whether the laws of war are not the same in spiritual things as in the warfare of the world? Nelson's victory at Trafalgar saved England at the Straits of Dover; surely Ralphs' work in South Africa was somehow weakening the power of evil in Japan.

He looked at his watch and found that it was half-past five. It would be about eight in the morning in England. His thoughts flew over the oceans to his home, and he knew that his father and mother would at that time be praying for their son, and that thousands of people all over England were offering their prayers for the workers in the Mission Field. Of course his hands were strengthened.

He reached the village, and had hardly drunk the cup of tea which is always offered to an arriving visitor, when four of the teachers who had attended his Bible class came to see him. They told him that they found that they missed the teaching, not because they had lost the opportunity of learning English, but because

they had been more interested than they knew in the teaching. "We have to give an hour's instruction a week to each class," one of them explained, "in morals, and we have nothing to rest it upon. I felt that I saw some light in what I learnt of the Christ, and I should be glad to come if you will give us another chance, whether you speak in English or in Japanese." At the same time they gave him to understand that they would prefer English, which was perhaps natural.

This was indeed an encouragement. He promised to begin that very night, when his other work was done. They came with him to the doctor's house, where a service was held for Christians, with a devotional address, and then the paper windows of the house were taken down, and addresses given by the Doctor and by himself to a mixed assembly outside. The number present was larger than usual, for the news soon got about that the four teachers were seated on the mats to listen, so that there must be something interesting going on. Thus the seed was cast upon the waters, to bear fruit after many days, if it should so please God. The Bible class which followed gave rise to so many questions, that it was very late before Mr.

Pritchard could get to bed. Next morning he celebrated the Holy Communion for four Christians in the doctor's house, and on returning to breakfast at the inn, found a letter waiting for him, which had been sent to Mr. Kawamoto, "to be forwarded immediately".

"My dear teacher," he read, "I went night school to-day, and heard lesson from Mr. Hayward. I called upon you yesterday, but as you were not at your house, Mr. Hayward conversed with me. Mr. Adams wishes to find a student to make journey with him in the country. I like to go. Henceforth I wish become Christian. Please take care of yourself, as the weather is very uncommon. Your pupil, Yoshida Eijiro."

Mr. Pritchard did not know the Japanese student so well as Mr. Hayward, and regarded the letter as another piece of encouragement,

CHAPTER VIII.

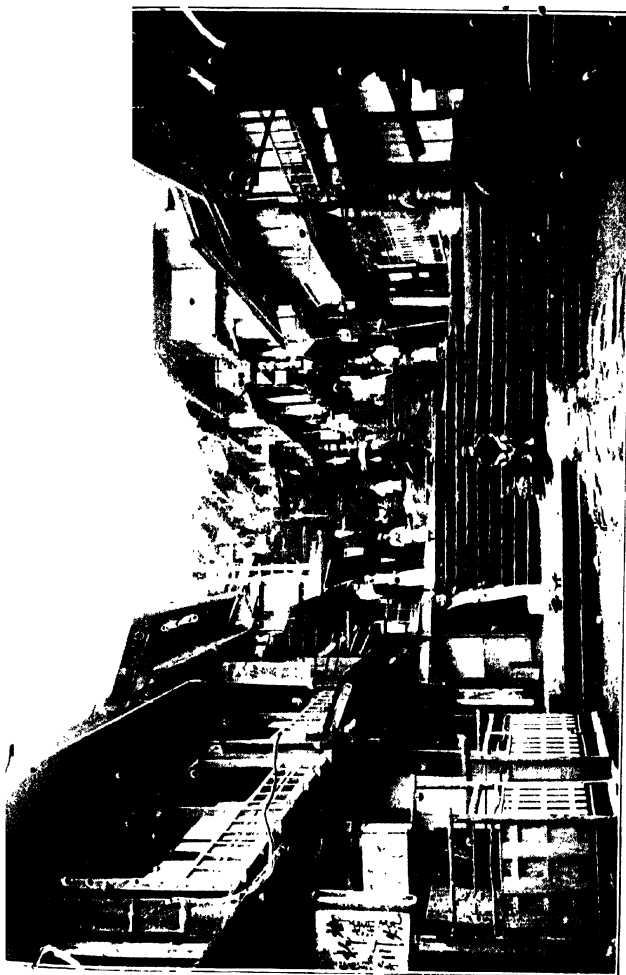
A JOURNEY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

MIYANOSHITA is a village among the mountains, about thirty miles from Tokyo, within reach of the railway; a large "foreign style" hotel has been built there, at which many visitors stay, and think that they have seen Japan. There are some curious hot springs and pits of boiling sulphur not far away. Mr. Adams took this place as the starting-point for his travels among the mountains, and here he was joined on the Tuesday by Yoshida Eijirō.

This was due to Mr. Pritchard, who had arrived home on the previous day. Eijiro seemed extraordinarily keen on going, and there was no reason why he should not do as well as any other student, even if there had been time to sound some of the older members of the night school. So the kori was packed again, and Eijiro set off with a glad heart for Miyanoshita.

A backbone of mountains runs right through the main island of the Japanese archipelago, the highest peaks, not reckoning the "peerless cone" of Fuji, familiar to us from fans, screens, and pottery, reaching 10,000 feet. The scenery is very fine; lofty crags of bare rock alternating with softly wooded knolls, rushing torrents of crystal water, and sparkling waterfalls, with still lakes reflecting the rich verdure, precipitous slopes with rice fields, formed in the clearances of the forests. It was Mr. Adams' intention to cross from Miyanoshita to the "middle mountain road," called Nakasendo, which winds among these mountains.

A peasant was engaged to carry the luggage, which he hung from the two ends of a pole laid on his shoulder, and after walking for three days they reached a small town called Fukushima, lying between two lofty mountains called Ontake and Komagatake—"the sacred peak" and "the colt's peak". They put up at the inn, and found that the bath was just ready. A Japanese bath is a large wooden box, which has a charcoal-fire burning beneath it; you sit up to your neck in hot water, and there is nothing so good to take away the weariness of a long walk. While Mr. Adams was enjoying his bath, he



discovered why the inn-keeper had advised him to have it early.

The bathroom is not generally a particularly secluded spot, and as he sat in the big tub he saw a party of pilgrims arrive. There were about thirty of them, all dressed in white, and carrying long staves in their hands, upon which the name of each mountain that they ascended was branded with a hot iron; they were intending to go up Ontake on the morrow. As soon as Mr. Adams had left the bathroom, they all went into the same hot water, one after the other. Then there was silence for a time, while they had their supper of boiled rice, helped down with a stew of eels from a tank in the inn; but soon afterwards a great noise arose, of clapping of hands, and beating of gongs, and the sound of many voices. Mr. Adams peeped through the karakami, and saw them all seated on the floor round the room, each holding in his hand a string of beads. The leader was passing his beads through his fingers, repeating some words, which of course the tourist could not understand; every now and then he sounded his little gong, and then all the company cried, "Namu Amida Butsu". When the beads were done, a short address was given by the leader,

which was frequently interrupted by cries of "Amida," and then the whole party began to prepare for sleep.

"What does all this mean?" Mr. Adams asked Eijiro.

"These pilgrims are going to climb Ontake to-morrow. They have been saving up all the year to pay expenses. They belong to the Shinshu sect of Buddhists."

"Are not all Buddhists the same?"

"Oh dear no. They are divided into about fifteen sects. Some say that there is only one Buddha, some that there are many. Some say that you must be enlightened by crushing out all desire, some that faith is the only way. These people are of the last kind. They say they belong to the only true sect; shin means true. The Shinshu people say that we have no power in ourselves, and that the true doctrine is, that we must get help from without ourselves, by faith."

"Faith in whom, or in what?"

"I will tell you what the leader was saying. 'Our present life is happy or miserable, according as our conduct has been good or bad in our past lives, and what we do now will affect our future states of existence. It is difficult to overcome our desires to do wrong; different Bud-

"Buddhists teach different ways of doing this, but ours is the only true way. No one can rely upon his own efforts, but must depend on help from another. And who is this other?" It was then that some of the people shouted 'Amida,' as you heard. 'Yes, the mighty Amida. "Amida" means "boundless life"; the life and the light of Amida are both perfect, and other Buddhas came to be enlightened through him. Therefore he is The Buddha. Those who rely upon him will attain to perfection, and will be born again into the state of Nirvana, where there will be no desire, and therefore no pain. Therefore we constantly call upon him, saying, Namu Amida Butsu'."

"But who is Amida?"

"Amida is the Buddha whose image was sent to Japan from Korea, fifteen hundred years ago, when Buddhism first came into the country."

"Was Amida a man? I thought Buddhism was started in India by a person named Gautama. I never heard of Amida."

"There was once a Buddhist monk, they say, named Hozo Biku. One account of his story is, that he was an ordinary man, who studied Buddhist doctrines so well that he found out the way to escape from the misery of existence. But just

as he was going to be set free, he made a vow that he would not enjoy such bliss unless other people could do the same, so he went through all the misery of life in this world, until he had made known his secret of how to escape from misery."

"It seems rather a reflection upon the Source of life and light, to say that existence is misery, and that the one way to make it anything else has only been discovered by Hozo Biku. Those fellows sleeping thirty in a room downstairs do not look as if they had a very bad time of it. Well, what next?"

"Oh, I suppose Hozo Biku died, and the Buddhists of the Shinshu sect call him Amida, and put their trust in him. But some of them say that Amida was the light of reason and knowledge, which came to earth and lived in the body of the monk. This light had enlightened Gautama in India, and enlightens all true believers in Buddhism. It was Amida before Hozo Biku was born, and the time it dwelt in his body made no difference to it, for it is Amida still, and Buddhists can put their faith in it."

Mr. Adams was startled. "Where did all this come from?" he asked.

"It came from China six hundred years ago."



A WAYSIDE SHRINE

But the image of Amida came to Japan nearly fifteen hundred years ago."

"Did they tell all this about the monk Hozo Biku fifteen hundred years ago?"

"No, I don't think so. Only they had to find some story to explain the golden image of the Buddha."

Mr. Adams knew how the spread of thought and commerce had brought at least some knowledge of Christianity from one side of Asia to the other, something like fifteen hundred years ago, and partly understood. "Was Hozo Biku a real person? Where did he live?"

"I don't think he was a real person. It is only a tale."

"And do you, for instance, believe it?"

"I?" Eijiro laughed. "Oh no. Buddhism only belongs to the lower classes in Japan. We educated men do not believe it. But it is good for the lower classes to have religion, and therefore many people help Buddhism. It is one of the religions of my nation."

"I thought you said that it came in from Korea?"

"So it did. But we have improved it, so that it is Japanese now."

"Indeed! that is very clever of you." Eijiro

did not notice the touch of sarcasm in Mrs. Adams' voice. "But is it not good for the educated classes also to have a religion?"

"We think that every Japanese man should follow the light that is in him. If he does that, he will be right, because his heart is illuminated by the spirit of the Japanese nation."

"But if his heart, and the spirit of the Japanese nation, happen to lead him wrong?"

"Ah, but they will not. The Japanese spirit is true, for it is not only the spirit of to-day, but of all the centuries that have passed since we became a nation. The Emperor's proclamation says that he rules over the very same subjects as his imperial ancestors."

"Then where does the progress in civilization, of which you are all so fond of talking, come in? Do you mean to say that Japan is the same to-day that it was fifty years ago?"

"No, it is not. But the spirit of Japan will guide us right in the changed condition. We shall produce a new and nobler civilization, out of the ruins of the past."

"The ruins of Buddhism included?"

"Perhaps. But I"—he spoke as if he had just remembered something which had slipped his memory—"I am studying to be a Christian."

Mr. Adams could hardly keep from laughing. "Are you really? How do you do that?"

"Mr. Pritchard told me what to do. I read part of the New Testament called the Sermon on the Mount, and the Epistle of James."

"And when you have done that?"

"Oh, then I suppose I shall be a Christian. That is so, it is not?"

"I am afraid I can't exactly say. I shouldn't think so myself. You had better ask Mr. Pritchard."

He thought as he spoke, that the young man seemed terribly disappointed. But he could not feel that it was wise for him to go into the question. "Those pilgrims are sure to be astir early," he remarked. "We must get to bed." So he left Eijiro to his own reflections.

The pilgrims were off at four next morning, and Mr. Adams followed them up the mountain at a more respectable hour, to see what happened. It was a long and difficult climb, and as there were women among the pilgrims, it was easy to catch them up. At the top they found a small shrine, before which the pilgrims clapped their hands in reverence, and threw some rice into a box for offerings, until a group arrived leading a man who was shrieking and gesticulating

very strangely. He was taken inside the temple.

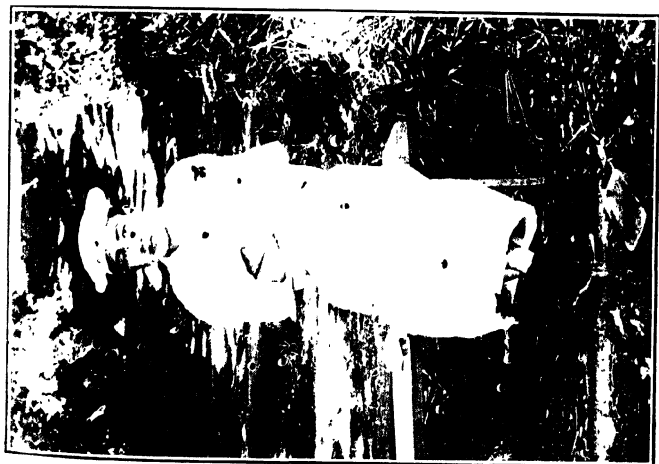
"What is going on now?" Mr. Adams asked.

"The man is possessed by a fox," Eijiro answered, with his usual laugh.

"By a fox?"

"Yes, the fox god comes into the hearts of people, they say. If a man has a bad pain, or acts strangely, it is the fox who has possessed him. Then he is brought here to have the fox driven out of him."

In a few minutes the man came out again with his friends, seeming to be quite calm and well. He joined the others, and the whole party sat down to eat their cold boiled rice, while those who had made the pilgrimage before, pointed out different objects in the wide stretch of country lying beneath them. Far away rose the cone of Mount Fuji. There was nothing else to be done, and Mr. Adams and his companion made their way down again. We cannot follow them in all their wanderings through the lovely scenery of central Japan. They followed the Nakasendo till they reached Gifu, about 180 miles from Tokyo. Here Eijiro took the train back to Tokyo. But before he parted from Mr. Adams, he begged him to give him a recommendation



for carefulness as a guide, and for knowledge of English, and for being a Christian. Mr. Adams could not see what possible use such a letter could be to a future barrister, but he seemed so keen about it, that he did his best, only omitting any statement as to his late companion's religious position.

He himself went in the opposite direction, to Kyoto, the ancient capital, and the centre of the artistic manufacturing district of Japan. His guide-book advised him to visit the Hon-gwan-ji temple, and he found that "gwan" means "a vow". For the temple, one of the largest in Japan, was built in memory of the vow to renounce, for the good of mankind, the bliss of ceasing to exist, taken by the imaginary monk whose existence was devised to explain the present made to the Emperor 1500 years ago, of a little golden image; the monk whose name was Hoze Biku, the incarnation of Amida, the light and life in whom the Shinshu sect of Buddhists put their trust.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR DECLARED.

“GO-GWAI! Go-gwai!”

Five months had passed, and it was now the second month of the thirty-seventh year of Meiji, that is to say, February, 1904; to be precise, the tenth day of the month. Yōshida and Kato were sitting together in Kato's room; but when they heard the cry of “Go-gwai” from the street below the window, they both sprang to their feet and ran down to the door, together with a dozen other students, who came rushing out of their rooms.

A man with a sheaf of papers over his arm was hurrying along the road as fast as he could for the number of people who came out of the houses to buy the papers, until the street behind him was crowded with people talking over the news they read. For “gwai” means “outside,” and “go” means “the columns of a newspaper”; “go-gwai” therefore means “extra special edition,”

or "special supplement". This one contained only two short lines of Japanese characters:—

"War is declared between Japan and Russia".

This was the piece of news which all Tokyo had been expecting for some weeks; for which indeed all Japan had been preparing for ten years—ever since the three European powers, Russia, France, and Germany, had interfered at the close of the war with China, to prevent Japan from claiming territory on the mainland. Britain declined to join them; she said that the Japanese had won the territory in fair fight, and therefore ought to be allowed to keep it. Before very long, Russia had compelled China to grant her a lease of a piece of sea-board which controlled Peking, the capital of China, and contained the fortress of Port Arthur. The Japanese had taken the place after a short siege, and the Russians now proceeded to make it "impregnable". Germany followed suit with a still more audacious demand, which, however, China was unable to resist; she asked for a similar "lease" of the district of Kiao-Chao, containing the harbour of Tsing-tao, as the penalty for the murder of two German missionaries. A German had killed a Chinaman, who would not get out of the way of the native wheel-barrow in which he was

passing along a narrow road; the dead body was exhibited, and addresses given on the nature of the crime in all the neighbouring towns, and the next Germans who visited the neighbourhood paid the penalty for their fellow-countryman's outrage. They happened to be missionaries, who in a general way would be thought of no more account by the German Government than a couple of sacks of grain; but as they furnished a pretext for grabbing a bit of territory, they suddenly became very important and highly honoured German citizens.

So much for the disinterested interference of the European powers, which professed to aim only at the good of poor China, by preventing her from being dismembered by Japan.

Japan was too much exhausted by the war with China to be able to offer opposition. But everyone knew that Russia could not be allowed to stay in possession of Port Arthur and Manchuria, where she was a perpetual source of danger, not only to China, but to Japan as well. She, however, needed a harbour on the Pacific which should be free from ice all the year round, instead of being closed to traffic, as is the case with Vladivostock, all the winter months. This need in its turn arose from the continual increase

in her population, which is more and more finding its way into Siberia. We generally think of Siberia as a wild frost-bound country, inhabited only by tribes of Cossacks, political prisoners suffering some kind of torture in the gaols, and their keepers. As a matter of fact, Siberia possesses a belt of land fit for growing wheat, four hundred miles wide; her cities are large, her population contented, and there is no reason why the country should not some day be as rich as Canada. With the completion of the great railway right across the Continent, the menace to Japan was all the greater, though so far only a single line of rails had been laid.

Thus it was clear that war must come sooner or later; the sooner the better for Japan. That is to say, it should be when she had had time to recover from the exhaustion of the Chinese war, and before the Russians could double the lines of the Siberian Railway. If only China could have been a little less of a jelly-fish in her dealings with Russia, Japan, and Korea! But the day for diplomacy was past in the second month of the 37th year of Meiji, and war was declared.

Everything was ready. There had been a plague of rats in a certain city two years before, and to encourage the people to destroy them, the

Government offered fifty cents, a hundred for all rat-skins brought in. The town was cleared of rats, and it was supposed that the skins had been destroyed—if anyone thought about it at all. But when during the Manchuria campaign the soldiers suffered from the cold, they were supplied with caps fitted with ear-flaps, and the ear-flaps were made of rat-skins. So wisely had the Government been looking ahead. When the war with China broke out, the Japanese knew that they would have no great difficulty in dealing with the rabble of men politely called an army in China, the officers of which had a way of gambling with the sentries while both were supposed to be on duty. But Russia was a different matter. A Russian officer, who was asked what he thought of the Japanese, flicked the ash from the end of his cigar, and replied, "That's what I think of the Japanese". Perhaps he forgot that an army in Russia is not the same thing as an army which has to depend for reinforcements and supplies on a single line of rails two thousand miles long; perhaps he underrated his gallant foes. He certainly neglected to observe the wise precept, "Do not despise your enemies". The Japanese knew that they were not to be despised, but nothing is to be



SOLDIERS DRILLING



A LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS (p. 74)

taken for granted in war. It is difficult for us, now that the events have taken place, to understand what an extraordinary effort of courage, strength, and skill, was demanded by a war between Japan, the small and poor country, and the mighty Russia.

The students of course were quite prepared for the news. The subject of Japan's policy on the mainland had been discussed at the College debating society, and the only difficulty had been to find any one to oppose the motion before the house, that "War should be declared upon Russia".

The magazines and reviews had kept them well informed as to all that was going on; and many of them had relatives, or friends, or friends' friends, who were able to obtain for them information not open to the public in general. Eijiro's friend Kato was one of these.

To the Yoshidas, the news which thrilled the country had a special importance. All young men in Japan have to be ready to serve in the army, for as in Germany and France the forces are kept up by conscription. Sickly persons are, of course, not wanted, and students who have passed a certain standard of education are considered to have other ways of serving their

country. Until quite recent times, no student could be exempt if he attended a school in which religious instruction was given in school hours, as part of the syllabus; this seemed to the authorities to be the only way of preventing squabbles arising about the kind of religious instruction to be given, as they have in England. However, after fifty years of purely secular education, "the educationalists," as a Japanese statesman put it, "have taken off the helmet to the religionists," and the same education department which forbade religious instruction, has lately asked the authorities of the various religious bodies to join with them in their efforts for the welfare of the country.

So Hirosuke, who had done his two years of drill in barracks, was liable to serve, while Eijiro was exempt. Mr. Yoshida knew that it was impossible for him to carry on the farm for long by himself, as he did when he was younger, and with such a demand at the seat of war for labourers to carry food, push vehicles, and do spade labour, there would be no helpers to be found. On the other hand, the value of rice had already begun to rise, and Eijiro had long ago advised his father to keep as much in reserve as possible. There was no reason why individuals should not

profit by the struggle in which the nation was involved.

For himself, Eijiro had been keeping his eyes open to the main chance. All through the winter, he had been attending St. Andrew's night school, and had improved greatly in his knowledge of conversational English, as well as in his powers of understanding English books. His copy of the New Testament had been useful, for Mr. Pritchard held a Bible class for students on Sunday afternoons, choosing the Gospel according to St. John as the subject of study, as the sentences are short and their language at least is simple. He had been to the Japanese service now and then, but did not understand much more of it than on the first time he went; chiefly because he did not try to understand it. He looked on at the progress of the Christian Faith in Japan, just as he looked on at the building of the new houses in Mita—as one who had no personal interest in the matter. The criminal and the religious statistics of the country were equally interesting in his eyes. He could not see among the foreigners living in Yokohama, that the Christianity they professed was of great use in producing a high standard of life, and so far as he could gather,

there were as many criminals, and as great social troubles, in England or America, as in Japan. Indeed, he could not quite make out whether those were right who said that Christianity was good for Japan, because it taught socialism, or those who urged the contradictory opinion that it was too individualistic, and would lessen the sense of duty to the whole community and nation which at present prevails in the country. For Mr. Pritchard he had a very genuine affection and respect, but had no intention of becoming a Christian to please him.

He sent off a telegram to his father, and went down to "Nihon Bashi," the "London Bridge" of Japan, to join in the crowds which he knew would gather to hear the latest news. Nihon Bashi is in the very heart of the city, and from it all distances in the Empire are measured. He had to pass the railway terminus, as it was then, of Shimbashi, and saw a foreigner who had evidently just arrived from Yokohama, making signs to a jinricksha puller, which the man did not understand. Eijiro could tell that he was an experienced traveller. People often think that if they want to make themselves understood by one whose native language is not their own, they can do it best by shouting at the

top of their voices. What is really wanted, of course, is to speak slowly and distinctly, as this stranger was doing. Eijiro went up to him and offered his help. He was a newspaper correspondent, and told Eijiro that there were a great many on their way to Japan, who would go on to the seat of war as soon as they received permission from the Government, which was sure to be very soon, and invited Eijiro to come and see him at the hotel to which he asked him to direct the jinricksha puller. Eijiro bowed the usual bow of politeness which meant nothing; but as soon as the stranger was out of sight, he made a very careful entry in his pocket-book.

At Nihon Bashi, he learnt that the regular troops were already well on their way to Korea, and that the first reserves had been called from their homes. He knew that there was a train from Narita in the course of the afternoon, and on the chance of Hirosuke's being in it, he went to the station. Yes, sure enough, there was his brother, and O Hisa too. For Hisa also had her way of serving her country. The Government had lent all encouragement to the Red Cross Society, formed under the patronage of the Imperial Princesses during the war with China, and O Hisa had received her training as a

nurse. There was little time to talk, for Hiro-suke had at once to join his regiment, and O Hisa to see the authorities of the Medical Service. Eijiro went back to his lodgings, got out his English conversation book, and spent the evening studying the pages devoted to "war".

A few days later, he received a letter from Hirosuke, telling how the whole journey down to Moji, the nearest port to Korea, had been a sort of triumphal progress; the stations were crowded with people, at all hours of day or night, cheering the departing soldiers, and pressing upon them food and presents. He was now on the point of embarking on a transport, for an unknown destination, and had just come from a muster of troops, at which the men had been formed by the officers into a hollow square, and addressed by a Christian missionary, who had given to each soldier a tiny copy of a book called "St. Luke's Gospel".

The foreign correspondents, to their great surprise and annoyance, were not allowed to go to the front that week, nor the next, nor for many a following week. Eijiro went several times to see his new acquaintance, Mr. Allen, whom he found a very pleasant person. Mr. Allen had seen a great deal of the world, and

knew that to some people no one is so agreeable, as a good listener, and Eijiro was much flattered by the respectful attention which he paid to his opinions on many things. Eijiro was quite willing to talk, whether he did or did not know the answers to Mr. Allen's questions, and had no idea that many of his remarks were telegraphed to England, as coming "from a well-informed source".

So Hirosuke was across the sea, in the force moving towards Port Arthur, and Hisa at Osaka, attached to the great hospital which was very quickly erected there, consisting of row upon row of wooden sheds. Mr. Pritchard was much pleased, and rather puzzled, when Eijiro came to him saying that he wished now to be baptized, and was quite disappointed at being told that he must first be admitted as a catechumen, and receive further instructions in preparation for such a grave step.

CHAPTER X.

TO THE FRONT.

AT the end of the month Mr. Pritchard called upon the Yoshidas, in the course of his usual visit to Shimosa. He could tell by their faces and their grave manner that they were much distressed at the separation from their sons and their daughter ; but when he offered his sympathy, the old gentleman held up his head, and spoke with pride of the clever lad who was doing so well at College, of the younger son who was serving his country and his Emperor under the colours, and of the girl who had the privilege of ministering to the nation's heroes. Mr. Pritchard admired this Spartan-like devotion, the heritage, as he well knew, of the centuries, of feudal rule. To the mother, he could see, it was more difficult to bear up. She grieved for her daughter more than for her sons, although one of them, at least, had no such good hope of safe return as Hisa.

"I never had a sister," he said by way of encouragement, "so I cannot tell how my father and mother would have felt if a daughter of theirs had been called away. I know that they were very much distressed when I came away from home. I am an only child, you see. But I think that Hirosuke feels as I did, that the sacrifice is made by those who are left behind, not by those who go. My parents gave me, as you have given him and O Hisa San, for the work I had to do."

This was quite a new idea to the Yoshidas. "Are your father and mother still alive?"

"Oh dear yes, and I hope they will long be so."

"Then why did you leave them?" asked Mrs. Yoshida.

"Do not ask such questions, woman," put in her husband. "Of course the gentleman had to go where he could earn the most money, so that when his father retires, he may help his parents."

Mr. Pritchard laughed. "No, I only get my food, and a little pocket-money for clothes and travelling. That is all that we at St. Andrew's ask for, and I have never heard of a man who became a missionary in order to earn money."

But we Christians have a Lord in Heaven, Jesus Christ, Whom we have to obey, just as your Samurai used to obey their Daimio. He commanded the Church, the Society which He founded to carry on His teaching, to work for the extension of His Kingdom, until He should come again. All the members cannot go into foreign lands to do this, but He seemed to show me that He wished me to go, and I could not refuse. My Father said that he and I would be as near to one another when I was in Japan and he in England, as if we were both in England, through the faith which we both have in Him."

"Is Jesus Christ alive now, then?"

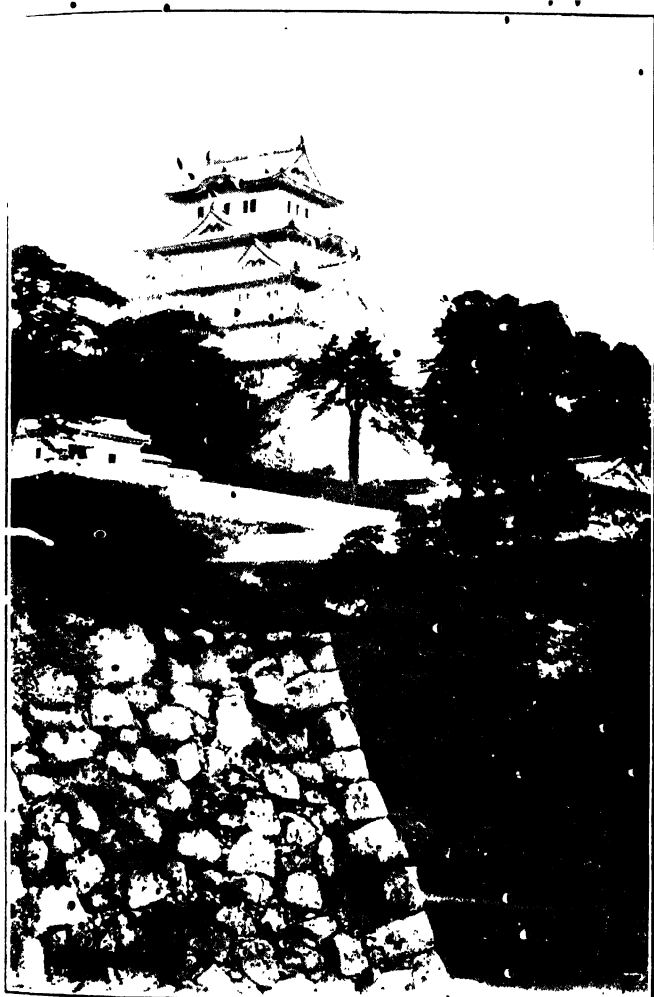
"Yes. Alive for evermore. He was put to death, but He rose again."

Mr. Yoshida bent forward as if to make sure of the words, and gave his wife a look, as if to say, "I told you so".

"He taught us," Mr. Pritchard went on, "that he who loves father and mother better than Him is not worthy of Him."

"What? What can be higher than obedience to father and mother?"

"I know what you mean. Confucius taught, did he not, that there were five great relationships among men, of subject and ruler, parent and



THE CASTLE OF THE DAIMIO OF HIME.

child, husband and wife, teacher and pupil, and friend and friend."

"Yes, and we Japanese obey his precepts."

"I wonder if any mortal man can obey the highest laws of righteousness by himself, without help from above? We believe that our Lord gives us the help that we need, while Confucius is dead. But never mind that point now. Are not the duties which these five relationships lay upon us, all parts of one great whole, the principle of Duty?"

"Yes, just as rice-growing is part of the one great science of farming."

"Our Master meant that He gathers up in Himself all the different parts of Duty. Look at it in this way. The Emperor ordered Hirosuke to go to the front."

"Yes, and he obeyed."

"But if you had ordered him to stay?"

"Of course I could do nothing of the kind."

"Well, suppose the Emperor ordered a son to kill a bad father. If he killed him, he would break one of Confucius' rules. If he did not, he would break another."

"I see."

"Did you ever hear of our English Admiral Nelson?"

"Yes indeed. We have our Admiral Togo, who will be as famous a man as Nelson. He is in command of the fleet now."

"At his last great battle Lord Nelson sent out the order, 'England expects that every man will do his duty'. He did not say, 'that every man will do his duty to his father, or his king,' but 'do his duty'. I came here, because it was my duty."

"But why come to Japan? We are not lepers, like Father Damien's poor people. Nor are we barbarians. We have our own Japanese religion."

"I have read an article by one of your members of Parliament, who wrote that Japan needed the Faith of Christ, in order that her devils might be driven out. And one of your noblemen says that Buddhism will do the country no good, because it does not appeal to the hearts of men, or give them any sense of responsibility, and that the only religion which can do these things is the Faith of Christ. But I myself cannot be so bold. I prefer to say that you are such a fine people, that I am sure our Master would wish you to be among His servants. You have much to teach us English, and we have something to teach you. I dare say you know that there is a

great deal of evil in England. That is because we have not used His teachings and His help as we ought. Perhaps Japan will be able to show us how to use them better."

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Pritchard said, "But let us come back to what we were saying. When I left home my father and mother said they would pray for me to God Who is the Father of us all. Will not you also pray to Him for your children?"

So the three of them knelt down on the mats, and there, where a Christian prayer had never been offered before, Mr. Pritchard asked in simple words that Almighty God would be pleased to keep under His protection the absent members of the family, and bring them home in safety, and lead them to Himself. He was just taking his leave afterwards, when he remembered something else. "Eijiro has asked me to teach him, that he may receive Baptism and be a Christian."

"Eijiro going to be a Christian? He is a good boy, and a clever boy. He would not be a Christian unless it was a good religion, and true. And Eijiro loves his country, so it cannot be disloyal to the Emperor to be a Christian."

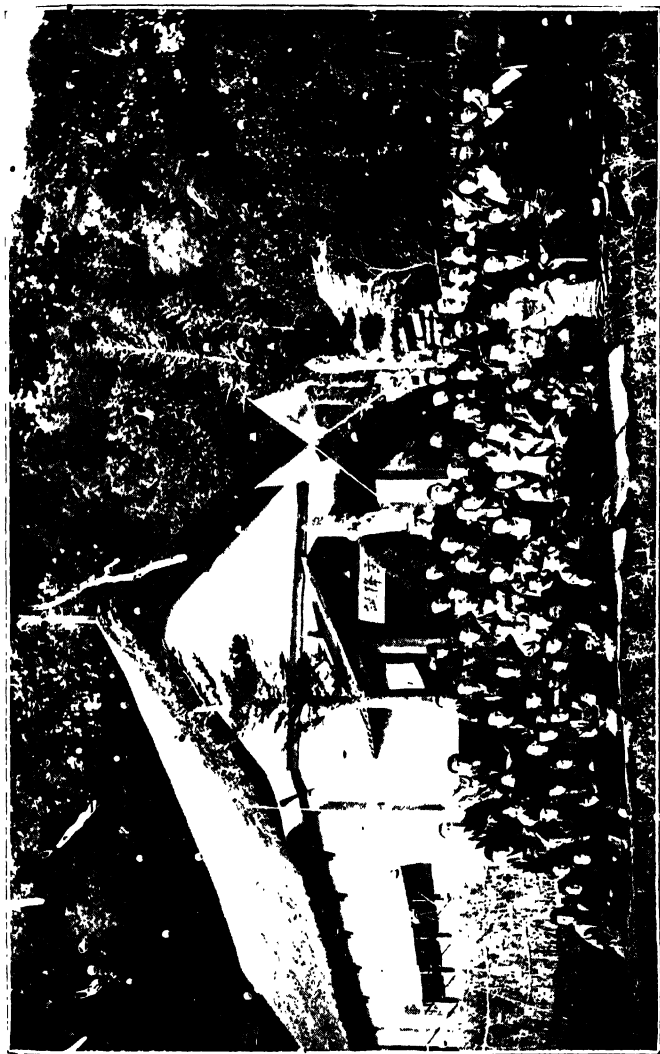
"I am sure it cannot be that, for His Majesty has ordered that six of the Young

Men's Christian Association shall go to the front with the soldiers, and that Christian missionaries shall be allowed to address them before they start for the front. Good-bye."

The usual bows were exchanged, and Mr. Yoshida turned to his wife, and said: "I told you that Eijiro was wrong, when he said that the souls of men cannot live after their bodies are dead. Mr. Pritchard said that Jesus rose from the dead, and it seems that Eijiro believes that himself now."

So Mr. Pritchard went his way. At the evening preaching to non-Christians, Kawamoto San preached a wonderful sermon about the things which were most in the minds of his audience—the war, and the patriotism and devotion it called forth, which he said were as binding on Christians as on other citizens, and sanctified by their faith in Christ. The Christian Japanese were the priests of the people, and did their duty by making intercessions for the welfare of the nation. Mr. Pritchard preached on the Resurrection, and a hush fell on the audience as he spoke of the brave men who would never return to their native land, and of the Christian hope in which some of them at least would lay down their lives.

He returned in due course to St. Andrew's,



and gave an account of his doings to Mr. Hayward. "Have you heard," said his friend, "of the order that has been given, that only Christians are to go to the front as attendants to the war correspondents?"

"Really," he replied. "Is it not a splendid tribute to the high character which Christians are considered to possess?"

"Splendid," Mr. Hayward agreed. "It seems that this has been expected for some time. Roberts tells me that they were talking about it at the night school some weeks ago."

Mr. Pritchard was not so happy about it now. He thought he saw the reason for Eijiro's enthusiasm for Christian teaching. Sure enough, at his next lesson Eijiro begged to be admitted to Holy Baptism without further delay. He had read all through the New Testament, he said, and the other books which Mr. Pritchard had lent him. He was able to answer the questions put to him, and so far as knowledge went, seemed to be quite ready. But Mr. Pritchard was not easy in his mind about him. Taking the bull by the horns, he asked if Eijiro had any idea of going as an attendant to a war correspondent.

"Mr. Allen wants me to come with him," was

the answer. "I have a recommendation from Mr. Adams, and I only need one from you to say I am a Christian, and then I am sure I shall be allowed to go."

Mr. Pritchard finally consented to give him a letter, saying that he had for a long time been studying the Christian faith, and that his character was good. Eijiro was not the only student who called himself a Christian on such grounds as these. The permission of the authorities was given, and in due course he was on the way to Port Arthur, as special attendant to Mr. Allen.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG STRUGGLE.

PORT ARTHUR lies at the end of a long pæñinsula, running out into the Yellow Sea, to the west of the promontory which forms the country of Korea, now a part of the Japanese Empire. The harbour itself consists of a bay, with an extraordinarily narrow mouth; a remarkable strip of headland, called from its shape the Tiger's Tail Promontory, stretches almost across it, leaving an entrance barely wide enough for a ship to enter. Needless to say, this harbour mouth is defended by strong forts, and other fortifications of enormous strength run round the town in a ring, every rise and fall in the ground, being utilized to make the approach impossible for an attacking force. On the west side the hills are higher than on the east, the highest being called, from its height, 103 Metre Hill. The place was defended by a sufficient number of troops, and was well supplied with food and

ammunition ; the powerful Russian fleet lay in the harbour. Such was the stronghold, not unreasonably called impregnable, upon which the Japanese army was advancing, of which Hiro-suke's regiment was a part.

Miles away from the forts, the peninsula narrows to an isthmus, called Nan Shan, which is only three miles wide, and here the Russians had formed deep trenches, as the first line of defence of the fortress. For a whole day they resisted assault after assault, in the centre, on the right, and on the left, where the ground slopes down to the sea, and the defence could borrow little assistance from the natural lie of the land. Thousands of lives were thrown away in vain. But as the evening drew on, the Japanese warships drew level with the trenches, and opened upon them such a terrible fire, that when the signal was given for it to cease, and the onslaught to be renewed by the foot soldiers, the lines were carried without much difficulty, and the road to Port Arthur was open. A truce was granted for the burial of the dead, and the Russians declared that many of the bodies found in the trenches were those of men who had been wounded by the bullets or the shell fire, and afterwards been murdered in cold

blood by the Japanese. The Japanese most strongly denied the charge, but the Russians determined to avenge their comrades, and from that time little quarter was given on either side.

Ten years before this, the Japanese had taken Port Arthur from the Chinese, after three days' assault. With the fortifications strengthened with all the resources of modern military science, and with trained Russian troops to defend the fortress, it would now be a matter of much greater difficulty to reduce it; but the Japanese thought that three weeks should be enough. The Emperor's birthday was approaching, and on that day, it was hoped, the captured stronghold might be offered as a birthday present to His Majesty.

So a great assault was planned, to be made by 15,000 men, who were to start at two in the morning, so that the outer defences might be taken by surprise under the cover of darkness, and the light of dawn shine upon the attack upon the inner circle of forts. Hirosuke felt his heart beat as he advanced with his troop, silently and cautiously in the darkness, until they were half-way across the open ground. Suddenly a single gun was fired from one of the forts, and a luminous shell burst over their heads, shedding

upon the approaches a flood of brilliant light, which revealed to the watch the dark mass of men. Their plan had been anticipated, and they heard the bugles sound, to call the whole army of defenders to their stations. Then, from seven different points, glaring electric lights were turned upon them, dazzling the eyes of the officers, and making every detail of their position clear to the gunners ; and immediately the roar of big guns and the crackle of musketry burst forth, and a shower of missikes, bullets, shells, and shrapnel fell among them. They could not see where they were going, while the bright light in which they were moving made them an easy mark for the enemy. Still they pressed on, though great gaps were appearing in the ranks, as the men were mown down by the terrible fusillade. Hirosuke was so far untouched ; shouts of " Banzai " (like our " Hurrah," literally " Ten thousand years of life to the Emperor "), and of " Namu Amida Butsu " rose around him on all sides, and these young fellows, who in their native land professed to believe in nothing, found themselves calling upon their God. For a man may give up his creed, but he does not at the bottom of his heart give up his belief in God, unless he be a bad man as well as

a spiritually blind man, and in the hour of trial his faith, whatever it is, comes to his help.

But the advance was unexpectedly checked. In the midst of the blinding glare, and the thick smoke of shrapnel, the front rank stopped. A fence of thick barbed wire, twisted and entangled, had been fixed on strong iron posts across a space where the approach was not steep, and the men were struggling in vain to break through it. At this moment a troop of burly Russians came rushing down upon them, firing, bayonetting, stabbing, and hurling explosive hand-grenades; Hirosuke could see their black beards and shakos in the dim light which was beginning to appear. Very soon there was a heap of bodies, Russian and Japanese, lying in a huddled heap beside the still unbroken fence, when the bugle sounded the recall, and a handful of men set off to find their way back to camp, instead of the 15,000 who had started with such high hopes three hours before. Hirosuke was not among them. His body was lying in the midst of that bloodstained, motionless pile.

But he was not dead. A blow from the butt-end of a rifle had stunned him, and it was an hour before he came to himself. He was trying to rise when a hand gripped him. "Lie still,

you fool," said some one in Japanese. He lay back, and gasped, "I am ready . . . to . . . die . . . for my . . . country".

• "Keep your life for your country, stupid," said the voice. "Was your life given you only to throw away? Cannot you see that it is far too precious a thing for that? Keep it, and use it in the service of the Emperor."

He turned his head, and saw a comrade, whose leg had been injured below the knee, lying close to him, and all around dead and dying men. It is strange how at such moments it is little things that catch one's attention; his eye fell on the other's breast, where his tunic had been torn open, and against the brown skin he saw a little silver cross. He had not quite come to himself, yet, and he stared stupidly at it.

"Have some water," said his comrade, passing him his water-bottle. "It will do you good." Hirosuke drank, and felt better. "Aren't you thirsty yourself?" he asked. •

"Thirsty? Yes. But I can manage, and you've lost your flask." A groan came from one of the black-bearded ones, and the wounded soldier dragged himself along the ground, and put the flask to his lips. He did this several times, and at his suggestion, Hirosuke took the

flask from a dead man and used this in the same way. One of the wounded whom he refreshed, a Russian officer, was quite conscious, and seemed much surprised at being so helped by one of the enemy. For he had heard the tales about the atrocities supposed to have been committed in the trenches at Nan Shan. And now a word of command sounded from close beside them, and they were surrounded by a party of the enemy, sent to bring in the wounded. Hirosuke and his comrade were carried off, with their backs to their own camp, to the lines of Port Arthur.

Hirosuke had recovered from his blow, and there was little to show how he had been injured, for a bruise does not greatly change the colour of the dark Japanese skin. What happened to the other prisoner he did not know, but he himself was taken before a court-martial. He, of course, could not understand a word of the proceedings, but he was soon given to understand the outcome of them, as he found himself being led out in charge of a firing party to be shot. It had been reported at the court-martial that he was really uninjured, but had been left behind by the enemy to cut the barbed wire in preparation for the next general attack, and that he had been seen moving among the dead and wounded, evi-

dently with the intention of rifling their pockets. After what had happened at Nan Shan there was no particular desire to go closely into such things.

So it came about that while Mr. Allen was sending to his paper a picturesque description of the assault and its repulse, Eijiro wrote to his father that Hirosuke had been engaged in it, and was reported missing. With an abundance of the polite and soothing expressions which the Japanese language contains, he said that his brother had almost certainly enjoyed the honour of giving his life for his country, although, as his dead body had not been found, there was the chance that he had been captured. He regretted that it was for the same reason impossible for him to send home a lock of his hair and one of his teeth, as was being done in the case of those whose bodies had been recovered; and feared that even if he had been taken prisoner, it was hardly likely that his life would be spared by such an enemy as the Russians, in their present temper. Even such a scholar as Eijiro had not escaped from the popular delusion that every enemy must be a savage.

CHAPTER XII.

REPORTED MISSING.

MR. PRITCHARD learnt the news from Kawamoto San, on his next visit to Shimosa. It rather pained him that Eijiro had not written to him, for he had spent much time and trouble upon the lad, not only in giving him instruction in preparation for baptism, but also in helping him out of school hours with his English. Eijiro had on one occasion actually blossomed out into print; before sending his MS. to the printer, he brought it to his teacher, with the request that he would look over it, and correct the English. Japanese English is particularly annoying stuff, for sometimes a too close following of the Japanese idioms makes hay with the grammar; sometimes a sentence will be grammatically correct, but expressed in a way of which no Englishman could dream. So it meant taking a good deal of pains. But when the important work appeared, no mention of thanks was made, and when the book-

let fell dead on the market, and the printer sent in his bill, Ejire had asked for a loan to help him out. I am sorry to say that Mr. Pritchard was fool enough, as he termed it in his own mind, not indeed to lend him a large sum, but to make him a present of a few yen towards what was needed.

Even if these acts of kindness did not constitute a claim upon his pupil, he had grown fond of him, and thought that the friendship was mutual. No doubt there would be plenty of excuses ready; the difficulty of writing from the scene of operations, want of time, and so on.' It was much more likely to be want of heart.

Kawamoto San's report was not very encouraging. The minds of all classes of people seemed to be so much occupied by the war, that they could not give their attention to anything else. Even the little girls, on coming home from school, would at once set to work with their needles, making bedding or hospital comforts for the soldiers. So the attendance at classes and meetings for public preaching had fallen off considerably, though the Christians themselves showed their sense of their priesthood by their presence at services of intercession. Moreover, some one had written to the local paper, saying that no good patriot could become a Christian.

His Majesty the Emperor, it was urged, had sent official messengers to the temple of Ise, the Canterbury Cathedral of Shinto, to announce to the Imperial Ancestors that the country was in a state of war with Russia, and to ask for their assistance. Christians did not believe in the Imperial Ancestors, but had accepted a foreign faith, which would make them sympathize with their Russian fellow-Christians rather than with the armies of Japan. Kawamoto San seemed to be rather upset by this letter.

Mr. Pritchard was able to assure him that in Tokyo there was no feeling whatever that it was a war of religion between a Christian and a non-Christian people, between the God of the Christians and the spirits of the Japanese ancestors. The action of the authorities in regard to the attendants upon the war correspondents, clearly showed that Christians were not regarded as bad patriots. He told him about the Russian Bishop Nicolai, the only Russian allowed to stay in the country, who had written to the 26,000 Christians of the Holy Orthodox Church in Japan, bidding them to pray for the success of their country's arms, although, of course, he could not be expected to join them in this. He had actually forwarded to the Japanese Government an invitation

sent to him to convey information—to abuse, that is, the hospitality offered him by his adopted country, by acting as a spy. An interesting, though not so important a point of this letter was, that the Bishop asked his adherents to study the position of the Nippon Sei Kokwai—the name given to the branch of the Church which is in communion with the Anglican Church. He said that its members were as strongly opposed as they were to the errors of the Church of Rome, and yet it was unlike any of the various Protestant Bodies, because of its devotion to the three orders of the ministry, to the creeds, to Holy Scripture, and to the Sacraments of the Gospel. It seemed likely that the sympathy shown to Japan by Great Britain would be of great help to the Church.

“What do you think about hara-kiri?” Kawamoto San asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Another correspondent wrote to the paper, that the missionaries were saying that soldiers ought not to kill themselves with their revolvers, to save themselves from falling into the hands of the enemy, because they think it is better to die than to be disgraced.”

“I see. Yes, there have been some articles

in the Christian magazines about that. But they are all written by Christian Japanese, not by foreigners. Your old custom of committing hara-kiri was surely a very different thing. It was a very solemn ceremony, was it not, which was the privilege of Samurai, who were allowed to inflict that most painful and deliberate form of death upon themselves, instead of being executed like ordinary criminals?"

"Yes, it was always supposed that if they had broken the law, they had acted from a right motive, and that their hearts were pure. It was therefore their privilege to allow the soul to escape by their own act, and show itself to the world as a white soul. Or if a Samurai thought that his lord was doing anything unwise, he would commit hara-kiri, and leave it in writing that he wished humbly to call his lord's attention to his error of judgment. It meant that he was so anxious for his lord's honour, that he was willing to seal the expression of his desire by the sacrifice of his own life, which was the best thing he had to offer."

"Is not that quite different from what some of the soldiers have done, in shooting themselves? There is no pain about that, no deliberate and solemn ceremony, nothing done for the good of

Japan ; only an escape from something unpleasant. Hara-kiri is as much out of date as the wearing of two swords. Do you remember how a man who afterwards came to be one of your great statesmen, was bidden to commit hara-kiri, because he had ventured to give a piece of advice, and good advice, to the Emperor ; he said that he would do so, as soon as his country had no longer need of his services."

"I remember."

"Christians understand that our Lord has given a new value to human life, by becoming man, and that they must use it, and not throw it away. It is not their own to do what they like with, but God's. How, after all, will a Japanese best serve his country? by sneaking out of the world so as to avoid pain? or by showing the enemy how a brave man can behave in difficult circumstances?"

"I quite understand."

"I have read that one of your officers said during the war with China, that he wished that all his troops were Christians, if they were of the same sort as those whom he knew to be Christians. For he found that most of the soldiers were too ready to throw away their lives without need, while the Christ-

THE ROAD ACROSS THE VALLEY



ian soldiers were just as brave, but that their patriotism was more enlightened. They thought it their duty not to throw away their lives, but to preserve them for the good of their country. Why, I was told that only the other day an officer addressing his men before a battle found it necessary to say, 'Do not think that it is your duty to die for your country, but to live for your country'. That is what the faith of Christ teaches; much less can it approve of suicide on the part of soldiers."

This conversation took place while they were walking across the valley to Hatamura, to call on the Yoshidas. The old couple received them with warm words of welcome; both of them looked greyer than before.

"I am sorry to hear your bad news," said Mr. Pritchard.

"Do not pity me," Mr. Yoshida answered. "Congratulate me. I have given a son to die for his country."

"But you do not know that he is dead."

"Sure to be, sure to be. The Russians are barbarians, and kill all their prisoners. Some of them they torture."

"Who told you that?"

"Every one says so."

"What every one says is generally wrong. It is certainly wrong in this case. Why should not the Russians treat their prisoners well? In England, we speak of 'an officer and a gentleman'. The Russians are not barbarians."

"I did not say that he is a prisoner. He has changed his world." Mr. Pritchard recognized the Buddhist way of speaking of death.

"If he had been dead you would have heard the news. The numbers on the uniforms of the dead are always taken; and we have several times seen in the papers that a truce has been called to bury the dead, and that exchanges of dead have been made."

"But if he had been taken as a prisoner to Port Arthur and killed there?"

"What a number of 'ifs'! He may have been taken prisoner, and he may have been killed; but you have no certainty. I am sure he has not been killed if he has been taken into Port Arthur; I believe he is still alive somewhere. Do not give up hope until you know."

His words seemed to have little effect. The Japanese, for all their light-heartedness, are very ready to take a gloomy view of things. At last Mr. Pritchard said, "I for my part will not despair. I believe in God, Who takes care of

His children when they are committed to His care. We prayed for Hirotsuke together, and I have often prayed for him since that day, and Eijiro will surely have prayed for him too, for he believes in prayer, or he would not wish to be a Christian. Let us pray for him together again."

So they knelt down, and Mr. Pritchard asked that He Who takes care of the birds of the air would protect both the lads, or if so be that one was dead, that He Who is the God of the living and of the dead would grant him light and peace.

There was nothing strange to the Yoshidas in the thought of life beyond the grave, in spite of Eijiro's arguments, though it was new to them to think of One Who is above them all, and can still care for them there. If this thought did not encourage and strengthen them, they were at least cheered by Mr. Pritchard's conviction that their son was still alive.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVING-KINDNESS BETWEEN ENEMIES.

THE news from the seat of war was almost uniformly good. In the north the Japanese had won a great victory on the river Yalu, and the road to Manchuria now lay open to them. At Port Arthur, a great Russian iron-clad had been sunk by mines. Two Japanese men-of-war were lost in the same way ; but by a magnificent feat of daring, the entrance to the harbour had been blocked by sinking old ships across it, and the enemy's fleet was thus kept fast inside. Many of the outer forts had been taken, and the trenches were drawing nearer and nearer to the central strongholds of the impregnable fortress. •

The loss of life had been enormous. A second general attack was made without any great result ; by the end of October, it was recognized that the only available course was to cut tunnels underground, and blow up the forts. One mine was met by a countermine on the part of the de-

fenders, until the Japanese engineers carried on their work with a piece of rope tied round their ankles, by which their dead bodies could be drawn back, if the enemy fired their mine first. The Russian mine was exploded first, and it caused a great breach in their own wall, opening a way to the concrete gallery inside. Into this the Japanese threw dynamite, making it larger, and then, with the aid of sandbags and machine guns, the ground won was extended foot by foot. For ten days the deadly combat went on; the Russians had abundant defences within the galleries to which access had been gained, and any Japanese entering it unprotected was an easy mark. And all the time the ceaseless rain of shot and shell from the surrounding forts was continued, until it became clear that there was no approach that way. Two tunnels, longer, and deeper than the first, were driven under one fort, and in the awful confusion following the great explosion of 2000 pounds of powder, a violent assault was made, and the Japanese were in possession of the fort.

And this was only one out of many, each of which had to be reduced by similar desperate methods.

O Hisa San was kept very busy. In the hos-

pital at Osaka, there was room for 2000 patients, who were continually brought in, wounded and mangled, as soon as they were fit to be moved from the hospitals at the front. It went to O Hisa's heart to see these brave men, many of them injured for life, yet bearing their sufferings so bravely and patiently ; if they wished to get well, it was only that they might be ready for service again, and they all seemed full of the spirit of comradeship, and anxiety to help one another.

She was especially struck by one patient, a soldier from the far north. A Japanese meal usually begins with soup, and for wounded men nothing could be more suitable. But it was not easy to serve it hot to such a large number at the same time. This patient, as soon as he could move about, used to get up before all the rest, and with great pains see that the supply of soup for his ward was kept nice and hot. O Hisa noticed that he often read a little square book that he possessed, and one day when he was out of the ward, she picked it up to see what it was. It was called "Shinyaku Zensho," or, as we should call it, "The New Testament"; but the translators wisely rejected the misleading word "testament," and call it "covenant". While she was

satisfying her curiosity, her patient came in, and caught her examining his property. However, he did not seem annoyed, but remarked, "That is a very good book, nurse. I am a Christian, and I first wished to be a Christian because I read a piece out of that book. I had been puzzled by something that Confucius wrote about people obeying the ruler, and the ruler obeying Heaven, for I could not understand how anyone could obey anything but a person; and when I read that little book, I said to myself, 'here is the Person Whom even the greatest ruler must obey'."

"What is the book about?"

"It is about Jesus, the Son of God, Who was crucified. While I was lying wounded on the field, it helped me to think of all that He had suffered, and now that I am better, I try to do what He would have done. So that He is both strength and encouragement to me. I am sure you would find that He was the same to you as He is to me."

"What are the things that you think He would have done?"

"He went about doing good, not thinking of Himself, but of others; and I have to do that also, if I want to follow in His path."

O Hisa had often heard of the paths laid down by the great philosophers of China, which were much studied in her own country. But she had no knowledge of this path.

"I will give you the book," the patient went on. "I can easily get another, and I shall be glad for you to have it. For one of the commands we Christians have from our Master is, that we shall all try to bring others to believe in Him as we do."

O Hisa gratefully accepted the gift, and her patient wrote her name in it, and his own, with a little poem of seventeen syllables which he composed.

There were Russians among the wounded, as well as Japanese, and the same kind treatment was given to both alike, though in separate hospitals. The Russians were looked after by military men trained as nurses, so O Hisa had no opportunity of being transferred to a ward where she might make inquiries about her brother. The supple fingers of Japanese men could deal with wounds as gently and cleverly as those of women, and these big, uncouth-looking men, who did not know the language of their guardians, often showed by their faces their gratitude and their surprise at being received so kindly. They



were allowed to have a Russian priest with them, and a small room was assigned to them as a chapel. O Hisa noticed that as soon as they got better, they were very anxious to attend these services, and she felt sure that beneath those rough sheep-skins there beat humble and gentle hearts.

As the patients recovered, the officers were allowed some liberty, upon parole, and one day O Hisa had the good fortune to be able to assist one of them, whose bandage had slipped while he was taking exercise. He knew a little Japanese, and she managed to secure another conversation with him, when he was well enough to talk a little more. He told her how much they all appreciated the kindness shown to them, and went on to say, "I am glad to feel that I have been able to help one or two of your soldiers. That is like thanking you in advance, is it not?"

"What did you do?"

"It was after the first great assault upon Port Arthur. I was one of a whole pile of dead and wounded lying mixed up together on the ground. I was mad with thirst, when a Japanese private came up, and put a water-bottle to my lips. He seemed half-dazed himself, and I expect he had

had a bang on the head, but he did as he was told by another man. who was wounded in the leg, and couldn't walk. Then a rescue party came out from Port Arthur, and I was taken back to our own lines. The two Japanese were, of course, prisoners."

"I hope no harm came to them after what they did."

"As you know, nurse, all sorts of terrible things happen in time of war. There is not always time or opportunity to find out the truth of things. Some of our barbed wire defences had been cut by men who lay down under them during the day, as if they were wounded, and did their work when darkness fell; and as these two were not badly wounded, for one was only stunned for a time, and the other had an injured leg which prevented his retiring with the rest, they were ordered to be shot as spies."

"But they were not spies, were they?"

"I suppose not; but in war you can take no risks. Then one of them said that he was a Christian, baptized by our Bishop Nicolai, and showed the little silver cross that our Christians wore as a token; he asked that before he died he might be allowed to make his will, and receive the Holy Communion. This seemed

reasonable ; he made his will, leaving half his property to the Red Cross Society."

"Our Society?"

"Yes, the Society for you nurses who look after wounded men. They sent for one of our priests to give him the Holy Communion, and the other fellow stayed with him, although he did not understand anything about it."

"What is the Holy Communion?"

"It is the Christian Service. Our Lord told us to eat some bread, and drink some wine—but you won't understand."

"I remember. I have read about it in a book that a soldier gave me."

"Really?" The officer looked at her curiously. "It spread through our camp like wild-fire that a priest had been sent for to give Christian ministrations to a Japanese, and I heard of it. It seemed likely that these were the two men who had given me and the others the water, so I sent my orderly round to General Stoessel, and got the sentence quashed. So the two men were detained as prisoners, instead of being shot."

O Hisa was much interested. "Are there many prisoners?"

"No. Very few. We can't keep prisoners to eat our rations."

"Did your two men get better?"

"I can't say what became of them. We were all too busy to attend to such things."

Of course it was only a chance—but what if one of those two should be Hirosuke? It could not be the Christian, but it might, it might be the other. O Hisa wrote to her father an account of the conversation, but in his answer he did not even refer to it. He was quite sure that Hirosuke was dead, and as he had no heart to go on with the farm by himself, he was making arrangements to retire. Eijiro would soon pass his examination, and be in a position to be the head of the house; and as for Hisa, he had asked a friend to act as middle-man, and look about for a suitable husband for her.

When a man is advancing in years in Japan, he frequently retires, and surrenders the headship of the house to his eldest son, who must now be responsible for the other members of the family, in return for the privileges which come to him. This retirement is called *Iakyo*.

Again, in marriage affairs it is considered that the very last persons to act wisely and prudently are the boy and girl chiefly concerned. For young people are naturally carried away by impulse and fancy, with disastrous results. Their parents



have the wide experience of life, and the knowledge of what their children require in the way of character and of worldly estate, which enables them to make a wise choice of a partner. Thus marriage is a matter of arrangement, not of affection; the middle-man (nakodo) is informed how much income the bridegroom should possess, and when the parents on both sides are agreed as to such details, the young people are informed of what has been arranged for them. As there are more men than women in Japan, it is naturally expected that every girl will sooner or later (generally sooner) be married. So O Hisa received the news quite calmly; she could have no particular voice in the matter.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALIVE FROM THE GRAVE.

To give a full account of all that Eijiro saw during his four months at Port Arthur would fill a large volume. The attacks on the land defences began on June 4, and continued practically without ceasing by night or by day, until January 1; scarcely an hour can have passed without many a brave man being sent to his long account, and not a fort was taken except after several desperate attacks had been made without success. For instance, there ~~was a~~ fort known as the "Pine Tree Hill Fort". It was protected by lesser works, which themselves caused much trouble to the assaulters, and was surrounded by a ditch. Sand-bags were thrown into this, but the fire was so deadly, that little progress could be made; at the end of November a fierce charge was attempted, but every man of the attacking party was killed or wounded. General Nogi immediately formed a

new party of 3000 picked troops, who tied up their sleeves with pieces of white material, and are still known in consequence as the "Shiro-dasuki-tai," to whom he gave a farewell address, telling them that they were going to almost certain death; and on the evening of the very day on which the costly failure had occurred, these brave men again attempted the impossible.

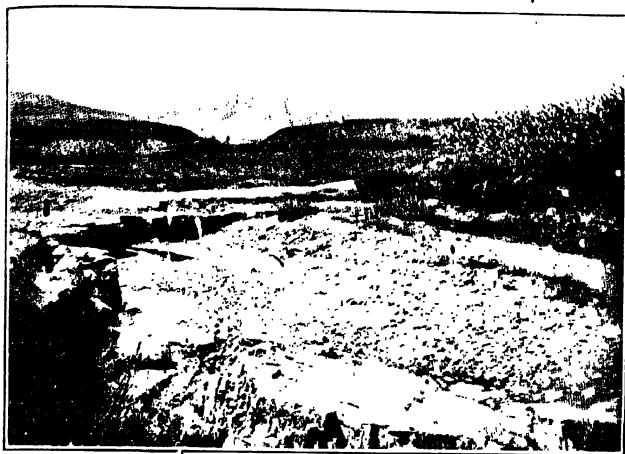
In the midst of the attack, they were astonished at being called back, and found that urgent need of reinforcements had just arisen in an attack in progress on their right flank, and that their services were required there. In the end, this fort also was undermined, and blown up.

Sometimes the fierce attacks on some weak spot would give place to days of quiet, while the zig-zag trenches, nine feet deep, were slowly cut up the sides of the hills on which the forts stood. A fortunate shell burst in the chamber in which a Russian council of war was being held, and among other members of the staff, the brave General Kondrakencho, who had been the life and soul of the defence, was killed. If he had lived, the siege would have been much prolonged, and the attacking army would have been held at Port Arthur, instead of being set free to join in the campaign in Manchuria. But

General Stoessel is now known to have been a very poor sort of commander, although the Emperor of Germany went out of his way to send him a decoration, as soon as he surrendered the fortress. His own countrymen tried him by court-martial, and condemned him; whereby the decorations of the Emperor of Germany were made rather cheap.

As time went on, it became clear that the key of the position was the 203 Metre Hill, which commanded the harbour and many of the forts. It is so steep that it is quite a difficult climb even for an ordinary pedestrian, and had been strengthened with trenches and wire entanglements. An attack was made in September, but although part of one of the trenches was occupied, the Japanese were driven out again, not a man escaping unhurt. In November the summit was in the same way occupied for a short time, after three days of hand-to-hand fighting, but only to be re-occupied by the Russians.

The hill was at last taken in December. The Japanese brought up some big 13-inch guns from the men-of-war, which they placed on concrete foundations, behind the second row of hills from the fort. They burnt smokeless powder, so that the Russian gunners could not



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locate them, and discharged 13,000 explosive shells, directed by officers on the high ground, who watched the effect of each shell, and gave their instructions by telephone. Nothing could stand against this. For ten days and nights the battle raged around the summit, which was taken and re-taken several times, and it was not till 2500 Japanese and 6000 Russians had been killed, that victory lay with the Japanese. Guns were soon mounted on the hill, and the ships in the harbour, and the forts, and the town, lay at their mercy.

The New Year, 1905, came in, and on New Year's Day, always a Japanese holiday when presents are exchanged among friends, a mighty assault was made, and Port Arthur surrendered. Modern gunnery has made the word "impregnable" out of date, but the Japanese were not possessed of the largest guns of all, and it was amid the glad rejoicings of all his people, and the applause of the whole world, that the Emperor accepted from his gallant troops the New Year's gift of the fortress.

The large hospitals at Osaka were more full than ever of Russian and Japanese wounded. O Hisa made many inquiries, but could hear nothing of her brother, and Eijiro apparently had

been equally unsuccessful; as day after day passed and no news came, she came to believe that after all her father had been right, and that Hirosuke was dead, and buried in some unknown grave.

Eijiro himself came home before long, as Mr. Allen's paper had other correspondents in Manchuria. He found that his father had sold the farm, and proposed to live on the money received for the sale, until he should himself be able to support the family. The announcement staggered him. "I cannot earn anything for a long time," he explained. "I have not passed my examination yet, and cannot do so for another year."

"But you were to be ready in three years from the time you left home?"

"Yes, but as you know, I have been at Port Arthur, and could not study there."

Eijiro had seldom seen his father angry, but he saw him angry now.

"Why did you go to Port Arthur, then? I made sacrifices for you, and slaved for you, for twenty years, and expected you to make some return for what I did for you; and you must needs go off to Port Arthur, simply for your own pleasure, when you ought to have been

at your books. ' There was no need for you to go ; you were not wanted to fight."

He had not thought of all this. He had wanted to see the war ; he could not pretend that his duty to his country had taken him away, as it had taken Hirosuke. He remembered Mr. Pritchard's efforts to hold him back, and knew that he had not only lost his father's esteem, but also lowered himself, and consequently his country, in the Englishman's eyes, by pretending to wish to be a Christian, only in order to go to the front. And all he had got for himself was his father's anger.

He sat upon the mats while his father stormed and his mother wept, with nothing to say except that he never thought of his father doing such a thing as to sell the farm, and that he had earned enough money in Mr. Allen's service to keep him in Tokyo until he passed his examination. It was a relief to all of them to hear the sound of jinricksha wheels in the road, and of footsteps approaching the house door.

To end the discussion he rose, and pushed back the paper shutters. A man, thin, ill, and worn, stood before him, and said, "Rijiro !"

He looked, and looked again, and said, "Hirosuke !"

It was indeed the brother who had been given up for dead. It was characteristic of the Japanese soldier, that his first words were words of regret for having caused anxiety. The old couple could hardly believe their eyes, but they made him comfortable, and waited for his tale. Those of my readers who are able to put two and two together, will know some of it already ; we need only take it up from the point where his Christian comrade was allowed to receive the Holy Communion from the Russian priest.

“ I thought I was going to be shot, when a message came from General Stoessel. I was put into a house with the Christian, whose name was Sonoda, and a few other prisoners, under a small guard. But soon, as they found I suppose, that the guard could not be spared, we were taken on board one of the iron-clads in the harbour, which was also being used as a hospital ship. Some of the prisoners tried to escape, and were shot or drowned ; after that we were put right down in the hold.

“ But my friend kept telling me that Christ had taught us that our lives were too valuable to be thrown away, and that we ought to keep them if we could, for whatever duty to the Emperor or to our parents might be laid upon us in

the future. He often talked about Christ. The Russians treated us kindly, and gave us what food they could; and we always kept ourselves up by the thought that some day Port Arthur would be in the hands of our troops. At last we were told that 203 Metre Hill had been taken, and shortly afterwards we could see from our port-holes the Japanese guns firing from the top of it. Soon they began to send their shells at the war-ships, and our vessel got terribly battered.

"We were talking together one day, when a shell exploded right under the deck, cracking and bending the steel walls of our room; a great splinter tore open poor Sonoda's chest."

Hirosuke was silent for a time, and then went on; "I nursed him as well as I could, but he said; 'I told you we had to do our duty, whatever it was; it seems that my duty is not to live, but to die. We do not understand God's dealings with us. But it is clear that your duty is to live, Hirosuke, and serve your Emperor and your parents. Do not fail them. Be of good heart, and live.' And then he died, on the very day that Port Arthur fell. Our men had plenty to do, without paying attention to the wretched hulks of the ships, and I could not get out of the

hold, as it was so much damaged by the shells. I could get at food, and so managed to keep myself alive for I do not know how long. It was like a terrible dream. Then I heard men moving on board, and I shouted, 'Tenno Heika Banzai' ('Hurrah for the Emperor!') as loud as I could, though I was very weak; and they heard me, and worked like horses until they got me out. I was just too late to catch a ship starting for home, and had to wait for another, but here I am at last, come to do my duty to you"—he bowed to his father—"and to my country. And now, father, I am going to be a Christian."

Eijiro sat silent and ashamed. Mr. Yoshida answered gravely, and almost tearfully, "We believed that you were dead. We have been told about Christ, too, while you have been away, and have prayed in His Name for you, although we are not Christians. It may be that it was because of those prayers that you were not killed like Sonoda. And if Christianity tells you to do your duty as Sonoda says, it can't be a bad religion. I will study it with you. But I have sold the farm. I could not carry it on by myself, and I thought that Eijiro would be able to support us all quite soon. Now he says he cannot."

"I will work the farm again, father, with you."



I have some money due to me, and we will get the farm back."

"Yes," said Eijiro eagerly, "the man who bought it will surely not want much to make him give back the purchase. I think some of my law books will show us a way out of the difficulty."

But no going to law was needed, for as a matter of fact the purchaser did not ask for any more than the money he had paid. In old Japan, a bond was always entered into with an understanding that circumstances might occur which would make it a point of honour to allow it to be broken. This gentleman said that he wished the matter to be considered in the spirit of old days. "Besides," he said, "your son was one of those who helped us to win our great victory, and it was only because he was not with you that you had to sell the farm."

So Eijiro went back to his studies to work as he had never worked before, and his father and brother again took up their work of getting ready for the next season's rice-harvest.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIGHT DAWNS.

MR. YOSHIDA could not get so easily out of the other arrangement he had made, for O Hisa's marriage, even if he had wished to do so. The bridegroom's father did not see any reason for keeping his son waiting, and the usual presents were exchanged between the young people; an obi, or sash, from the bridegroom to the bride, and hakama, a kind of loose trouser worn as "full dress" in old Japan, from the bride to the bridegroom. It was decided to hold the wedding in the village temple; the arrangement was convenient, because the couple could go away for their wedding trip immediately after the ceremony, and the usual parties be held at the houses of the respective parents on their return.

O Hisa's clothes were soon ready; each New Year, like all Japanese girls, she had received a present of a new obi, which after being worn during

the holiday was put away against her marriage. Fashions do not change in Japan, and a bride takes enough things to her new home to last her almost a lifetime.

On the day appointed, the Yoshida family were seated on one side of the marriage apartment, the bridegroom's family on the other. The priest read some wise sayings from the ancient writings, which however no one understood, as the language was too antique; then came in two girls dressed in red, with butterflies' wings, one of them carrying three bowls, one inside the other. The top one was filled with sakè by the other girl, and from this the bridegroom drank; the butterfly carried it across to the bride, as she sat in her white dress at the top of the row of her people, and she also drank. This was done three times with the first bowl, three times with the second, and three times with the third. Then Mr. Yoshida, and the head of the bridegroom's family; also, drank out of one cup; a message was sent to the office of the head of the village, that the marriage might be duly entered in the registers, and the newly married couple set off in their jinrickshas for the station at Narita.

Eijiro of course came down from Tokyo for

the wedding. Mr. Kawamoto had been invited, and told him that he was now going regularly to his old home to give instruction to his father and mother and brother, for they were all three hoping soon to be baptized. "Why should not you be baptized at the same time?" he asked. For of course Mr. Pritchard had told him of Eijiro's request of the year before. •

It was a searching question; for to tell the truth, Eijiro had no intention whatever of doing any such thing. Since his return he had not attended the night school, nor had he once been to service. Mr. Pritchard had gone home on furlough, and the other men at St. Andrew's did not know anything about Eijiro. He did not tell Kawamoto San all this, but answered politely: "It would be very good. I will see if it can be so."

So the matter came to an end, and Eijiro returned to Tokyo. The year passed all too quickly for the immense amount of work which lay before him, owing to his long absence, but when the result of the examination at Christmas was declared, he found himself, to his great delight, in the first class.

He had expected to make law the business of his life, but a different employment fell in his

way. The treaty of peace with Russia had been signed in September; no war indemnity was promised to, or even demanded by, the Japanese, and only half the island of Saghalien was ceded. The newspapers called it a disgraceful peace, and a prominent statesman openly said that in a few years there must be another war with Russia. Riots took place in Tokyo, and the offices of the newspaper which was considered to be the chief organ of the Government were attacked by the mob. It was soon seen that the people had acted very foolishly, and made themselves ridiculous when the eyes of the world were upon them, but for the time the feeling of indignation was very strong indeed, in spite of the soothing assurance of the mouthpiece of the Government, that "we Japanese have shown the rest of the world that we do not value money".

Eijiro had learnt from Mr. Allen something of newspaper work, and of course had information as to the course of events at Port Arthur, as a whole, which few possessed even of those who had taken part in the siege, as they could know only the details of their own particular sphere of action. His old college friend Kato, who had taken his degree a year earlier than

himself, had started a little newspaper on his own account, for which Eijiro had written a series of articles relating his own experiences. They were excellently written, and ended with comments upon the terms of peace, and the outlook for the future. For these his knowledge of law was very useful, and they appeared just at the time when the riots took place. Many people had read the previous articles, and the young editor was delighted to find his circulation steadily increasing; when a well-known politician actually quoted some of Eijiro's remarks, every one began to talk of the new venture as a well-informed journal. Eijiro was offered a position on the staff, which he accepted, and the newspaper became firmly established in the good opinion of the public.

Now all was well. Within two years he was able to write to his father that he was able to support the family. Hisosuke preferred to marry and settle down upon the farm; Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida joined their elder son in the house which he had taken in Tokyo. They were both Christians now, and attended the Church services regularly; as for Eijiro, he pleaded that he was too busy for the present—and "the present" lasted a very long time.

One of the first duties which fell to Eijiro after he became head of the family, was to deal with his sister's divorce. Just as marriages in Japan are arranged by the family, so, if the marriage does not turn out well, they are brought to an end by the family, and no one takes any notice. It is sad to read that out of every three marriages that take place, one ends in divorce, and it is not wonderful that Japanese, visiting England, are more impressed by the home life of the people, than by our manufactories and railways. All such material advantages they have themselves, often to a greater degree than we have; but our home life, the Christian home life of England, they have not.

So Eijiro had to meet the representatives of O Hisa's husband's family, and the reasons why a divorce was considered advisable, were stated. Such reasons need not be good. In this case her husband simply said that he did not like her, and that they would never be able to get on together; and the end was that he wrote out a short sentence, covering three lines and a half of Japanese paper, and put it in Eijiro's hands. "Three lines and a half" is a proverbial expression for a tragedy in the life of a Japanese woman. O Hisa, with her two child-

ren, took up her permanent abode in her brother's house. He made no objection, but simply regarded it as his duty to receive her.

The excitement and enthusiasm caused by the war had passed away before this, and had given place to a different spirit in the people. It was expected that such victories as they had won, and such expenditure of the lives of the best men in the country, must bring immediate prosperity. But the enormous cost of the war had emptied the treasury, and high taxes could not be avoided. The Japanese people have been compared to a hive of bees, in that a common spirit seems to pervade the whole body together, now rising to gladness and cheerfulness, no man can say for what reason, and again sinking into gloom and pessimism, again for no reason that can be readily perceived. At first, the marvellous success of Japan in the war inspired the people with a truly admirable sense of seriousness and responsibility. It was not by their own prowess, it appeared, that they had wrought these great deeds; they had been placed in the position of the leading nation of the Far East, and of one of the great powers of the world, by some Power which they knew not, supreme over the destinies of all men. But this reverential spirit of humility passed away,



"HAMMON"

From a Japanese Exhibition of Pic

and as the more sombre results of the war became more apparent, the newspapers and reviews, reflecting the language of everyday thought and conversation, became full of the word "Hammon," or "distress of mind". Suicide, always common in Tokyo, became more frequent, until the number in the year was 10,000. Life seemed to have no meaning; why are we here, men asked, and why is our existence so full of perplexities? Whence come we, and whither do we go? The teaching of Buddhism, that existence is misery, was bearing its fruit, and it seemed better to die than to live. What is truth, when each generation produces its own philosophies, which contradict all those that have gone before? What is right, when there is no one to lay down certain rules of good and of evil?

Eijiro, like all his fellow-countrymen, was vexed by these problems of our existence. He threw himself into his work, to prevent himself from thinking, but the puzzle was always lying at the back of his mind. With the events of the whole world forced upon his attention as a newspaper man, he found himself looking at the constant changes and chances of human life, as he might look at an ant's nest. We live and die, it

seemed, all at adventure. There is nothing fixed, nothing sure. We are only here

to sing and sting,
and weave our little nests, and die.

He found light at last, but in a manner so strange, that if it were not true, I who write could not have invented it. He was walking one day in the park of Uyeno in Tokyo, pondering on these problems, when he seemed to hear a voice say, in English, "I am the light of the world." "Where did I hear, or read, that?" he said to himself. For a long time he could not remember; then it came back to him. The night school at St. Andrew's, and Mr. Pritchard's class, the book which they read because the language was simple and the sentences short—was it not in connexion with these things? That I—it was Jesus of Nazareth Who spoke of Himself.

He could not wait. With his Japanese impulsiveness he jumped into a jinricksha, saying to the man, "Shiba". He did not care whether he saw a foreigner or a Japanese Christian now, and when he found there was no one at home at St. Andrew's, he rode on to the house of the

Japanese priest whom he knew to be in charge at the church, and they had a long talk.

Eijiro, as we know, had already learnt most of the knowledge of the Christian Faith which comes through the head, and now his experience of life had opened that door of knowledge which is through the heart. He explained, truly and honestly this time, that he could not possibly spare the time to attend to classes of instruction, but Mr. Pritchard, who had returned from his furlough, lent him books, and when he was perfectly satisfied that he was fully prepared, Eijiro had the joy of being admitted to Holy Baptism.

And so we may leave him, Yoshida Eijiro the son of the farmer of Hatsumura, the hard-working student, the ambitious schemer, now the capable newspaper editor, the head of his house, the supporter of his parents and of his sister. He is still perplexed, as we all are, at times, by the winds of vain doctrine, which from all quarters of the earth are borne to Japan, and by the problems of God's dealings with the men whom He has made; but he ever has his comfort in the knowledge of Him Who is the Light of the world. He is one of those whom we, who seek to obey the command to make disciples of all

nations, look forward to meeting in that day, when the great multitude of all nations, and tongues, and climes, shall stand before the throne and cry, Salvation to our God that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

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